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Lange, Hermann

Wien, 1888

Frankfurt



AB 88



Miss M. Swain  
Great Point  
Nantucket  
Mass



## Candies without cooking

French cream: - These candies are made with boiling, which makes them very desirable and they are equal to the best French creams. The secret lies in the sugar used which is the ~~XXX~~ powdered or confectioners sugar.

### French Vanilla Cream

Break into a bowl the white of one or more eggs, as the quantity you wish to make will require. Add to it an equal quantity of <sup>cold</sup> water, then stir in confectioners sugar until you have it stiff enough to mould into shape with the fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste. This cream is the foundation of all the French creams.

### English walnut cream

make French cream. Make a ball of cream the size of a walnut and place a half nut meat on each side of the ball pressing it into the cream.

Fig cream. Cut nice fresh figs into 4 or 5 strips, take a piece of French cream and roll in into a long roll in the palm of the hand, then with a knife cut it lengthwise and lay into it one of the strips and roll the cream around it.

### Cream Dates

Select perfect dates and with a knife remove the pit. Take a piece of French cream, make an oblong shape and wrap the date around the cream.

### Cocoanut Cream

Take some French cream and make quite soft add fresh grated cocoanut to taste; add sufficient sugar to mold into balls and then roll the balls in the fresh grated cocoanut. These may be colored pink by a few drops of cochineal syrup, also brown by adding a few spoonfuls of grated chocolate; then roll them in grated cocoanut.

### Lemon Drops

grate the juice and rind of one lemon then make the same as: - Orange Drops. Grate the rind of one orange and squeeze the juice, taking care to reject the seeds, add to this a pinch of tartaric acid, then stir in the sugar enough to make it stiff enough to form into small balls the size of a small marble. This is delicious candy.

End of uncooked candies.



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## Cooked Candies

Vanilla syrup candy.

One quart syrup, 1 lb. granulated sugar, a small piece of butter, 1 tablespoonful of glycerine. Boil these ingredients together as molasses candy, when nearly done test in cold water. Just before removing from the fire add a teaspoonful of soda and pour into buttered pans, when partly cool pour vanilla on the top and pull as molasses candy.

Molasses Saffry.

1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, butter size of an egg. Boil hard and test in cold water. when brittle pour on buttered pans. Mark with back of knife.

Peanut candy.

Two cups molasses, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 of vinegar. Having cracked and rubbed the skin from the peanuts, put them into buttered pans, and when the candy is done pour it over them.

Popcorn Balls

2 cup molasses, 1 brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar butter size of an egg. Make the candy in a large kettle pop the corn, salt it, and sift it through the fine sieve, that the extra salt and unpopped kernels may drop through. (It will take 4 qts or more corn that is popped.) Then stir all the corn into the kettle that the candy will take, heap on buttered platters and it is done.

Vanilla sugar candy

2 lbs granulated sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup vinegar butter size of egg. 1 tablespoon glycerine two teaspoonfuls vanilla. Boil all but the vanilla. Before pouring on platters to cool add a small teaspoonful of cream tartar or soda.

Butter Scotch.

1 cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 teaspoonful vinegar piece butter size of walnut. Boil about 20 minutes.

Chocolate Caramels. 1 cup grated chocolate, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup milk, a piece of butter size of a small egg. Put all in a kettle adding a tablespoonful of glycerine when nearly done add chocolate.



## Chocolate Caramels.

Three lbs brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb chocolate  
scrapped fine 1 pint cream or milk.  
Melt all these together with care & boil 20 min  
or  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. stirring constantly. just before  
taking off add vanilla and small cup  
granulated sugar.

## Caramels.

1 cup molasses 2 sugar. boil 20 min  
add 1 large table spoonful Flour bullet  
size egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb chocolate. boil 20 minutes

## Taffy.

2 cups brown sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter. 4 table spoonfuls  
molasses. 2 table spoonfuls. vinegar  
boil 15 minutes. 2 table spoonfuls water  
bring to candy.

2 cups sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. 4 table spoonfuls vinegar  
starts before putting on stove not after.

## Chocolate Caramels

One  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses, one and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups molasses, 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup  
milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  squares chocolate, Boil until it hardens  
in cold water. This is very nice.

## Excellent Cake.

1 cup brown sugar, one egg, butter size of egg, 1 tea cup sour  
milk, one tea spoonful of soda, two and one half  
tea cups flour, 1 tea spoon cinnamon, 1 tea spoonful  
clove, one tea cup seeded raisins, bake in one loaf  
and frost with the following. Beat the white of an  
egg very stiff add two table spoonfuls. of granulated  
sugar, one tea spoonful extract lemon. beat until  
smooth spread over the cake. place in the oven  
and harden slightly. This is a very nice dark cake.

## Marshmallows.

Dissolve one pound of clean gum arabic, in 1 qt of water; strain  
add 1 lb granulated sugar, and place over the fire stirring  
continually until the sugar is, and the mixture has become  
the consistency of honey. then add gradually the white of 8 eggs.  
well beaten. stirring the mixture until it loses its stickiness and  
does not adhere to the finger when touched. Pour into tins



crushed with starch. and when cool divide into squares.

### Courtship in Egypt.

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

When a young man in Egypt wishes to marry, he does not choose a companion, and then strive to win her heart by those delicate attentions which inspire the heart with love. No. In Egypt ladies are not seen by gentlemen when they call, for it would be a great shame for a girl to sit in the room where gentlemen outside of her family were sitting. I have been visiting in their homes when the father or brother would enter with some friends, when instantly the girls would flee, or hide behind the door if they could not get out, and old and young would cover the face with the muslin covering worn by women and girls. As custom forbids a man doing his own wooing, he must find a substitute, and this person is either his own mother or one of his sisters, who before starting on her delicate mission canvasses the merits of all her young lady friends, chooses one, and then pays a visit to her mother. The girl is suspicious of elderly ladies and leaves the room immediately and brings the guilty critical is not and her blushing the unwilling if the lars a his ch tell he fairest while child v she be to flaly but th they a groom face of the su self, w wife. \$50 to sees h taste a he mu wrong leave paid i bride. ding. her cl cooking eagen hired bride round the we band o ported friend all clo them. cashm by two and ton the bri flashing of joy u only se takes a Cop long to two or known than a o aroused order to bridal spread of day the carried a law, for the bare

### AT THE DOOR OF THE NEW YEAR.

The corridors of Time  
Are full of doors—the portals of closed years;  
We enter them no more, though bitter tears  
Beat hard against them, and we hear the chime  
Of lost dreams, dirge-like, in behind them ring  
At Memory's opening.

But one door stands ajar—  
The New Year's; while a golden chain of days  
Holds it half shut. The eager foe  
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;  
And fears that shrink, and hopes that shout  
aloud

Around it wait and crowd.

It shuts back the unknown.  
And dare we truly welcome one more year,  
Who down the past a mocking laughter bear  
From idle aims like wandering breezes blown?  
We whose large aspirations dimmed and shrank,  
Till the year's scroll was blank?

We pause beside the door.  
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter it?  
How shall we thence Thy hidden treasure win?  
Shall we return in beggary as before,  
When Thou art near at hand, with infinite  
wealth,

Wisdom and heavenly health?

The footsteps of a Child  
Sound close beside us. Listen! He will speak.  
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,  
Yet has He trod the world's press undefiled.  
"Gentle! He'll bear Him through His smile—

### THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly.  
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will be all light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—J. G. Whittier.

Frosting.  
Cream frosting came  
as French cream  
but frosting.  
Make cream frosting  
and mix into a white

### Mulled Wine.

1 pint of wine, 1 water, after boiling it with spice, pour it on  
beats well beaten separately, it should be stirred constantly  
or poured from one pitcher to another, till it is all  
froth when put into glasses grate a little nutmeg  
over it—mulled beer is made the same way.

### Force meat Balls

Take an equal quantity of Pork & beef, and chop it  
fine, add near the weight in grated bread; season it  
with salt, cloves, pepper, sweet herbs and parsley. Put  
as many eggs (without the whites) as will make it soft  
enough to roll into Balls. Onions in the Balls help them.

### Calfs foot Jelly

but 4 calves feet in pieces, put them in a pitcher with a  
gallon of water. cover it close, boil them gently until half  
be consumed, then run the liquor through a sieve & let  
it stand till cold. With a knife take off the top fat top  
and bottom, meet the fine part of the jelly in a preserving  
pan, put in a pint of white wine, the juice of 5 lemons, sugar to  
your taste, the white of 8 eggs beaten to a froth. Stir all these together  
near 1/2 hour. pass it through a sieve into a jelly bag a piece  
of lemon peel pass it through the bag until it becomes as clear  
as water.

### To preserve Grapes in Bunches.

Beat up a little gun Arabic water with the whites of eggs,  
dip the grapes in it let them dry a little, then roll in fine  
powdered sugar, put them in a stove to dry, turn and  
add sugar till perfectly dried.

That make the sorrow woods and fields seem  
gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath;  
A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red;  
And the cold, sobbing wind bestrewn his path  
With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his  
tread;

And round him still, in melancholy state,  
Sweet, solemn sounds of death and of decay,  
In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,  
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

The wheel, with never-slowing speed,  
Turning his swift wheel round,  
Silent we stood beside him there,  
Watching the restless knee,  
"Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,  
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,  
Shaping the wondrous thing;  
'Twas only a common flower-pot,  
But perfect in fashioning.  
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,  
With homely truth inspired:  
"No marm; it isn't the foot that kicks—  
The one that stands gets tired!"

to gether the stiffer the  
kisses. Bake in a  
moderate oven. on  
buttered paper.

are all ladies? Mr. Brown made this in-  
quiry of her husband.  
"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the



## Chocolate Caramels.

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scraked fine 1 pint cream or milk.

Melt all these together with care & foil 20 min.  
or  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. stirring constantly. just before  
taking off add vanilla and small cup  
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## Caramels.

1 cup molasses 2 sugar. Boil 20 min  
add 1 large table spoonful Flour bullet  
size egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb chocolate. Boil 20 minutes

## Taffy.

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Boil 15 minutes. 2 table spoonfuls water  
bring candy.

2 cups sugar  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. 4 table spoonfuls vinegar  
stir before putting on stove not after.

## Chocolate Caramels

One  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses, one and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups molasses, 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup  
milk,  $\frac{1}{8}$  cup butter, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  squares chocolate. Boil until it hardens  
in cold water. This is very nice.

## Excellent Cake.

1 tea cup brown sugar, one egg, butter size of egg, 1 tea cup sour  
milk, one tea spoonful of soda, two and one half  
tea cups flour, 1 tea spoon cinnamon, 1 tea spoonful  
clove, one tea cup seeded raisins, bake in one loaf  
and frost with the following. Beat the white of an  
egg very stiff add two table spoonfuls of granulated  
sugar, one tea spoonful extract lemon. beat until  
smooth spread over the cake. place in the oven  
and harden slightly. This is a very nice dark cake.

## Marshmallows.

Dissolve one pound of clean gum arabic, in 1 qt of water; strain  
add 1 lb granulated sugar, and place over the fire stirring  
continually until the sugar is, and the mixture has become  
the consistency of honey. Then add gradually the whites of 5 eggs.  
well beaten. stirring the mixture until it loses its stickiness and  
does not adhere to the finger when touched. Pour into tins



mixed with starch. and when cool divide into squares.

## Courtship in Egypt.

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

When a young man in Egypt wishes to marry, he does not choose a companion, and then strive to win her heart by those delicate attentions which inspire the heart with love. No. In Egypt ladies are not seen by gentlemen when they call, for it would be a great shame for a girl to sit in the room where gentlemen outside of her family were sitting. I have been visiting in their homes when the father or brother would enter with some friends, when instantly the girls would flee, or hide behind the door if they could not get out, and old and young would cover the face with the muslin covering worn by women and girls. As custom forbids a man doing his own wooing, he must find a substitute, and this person is either his own mother or one of his sisters, who before starting on her delicate mission canvasses the merits of all her young lady friends, chooses one, and then pays a visit to her mother. The girl is suspicious of elderly ladies, and leaves the room immediately, and it is only after much scolding and coaxing that her mother gets her to bring in some coffee or other refreshment to the guest, who, while slowly sipping her tiny cup, surveys the standing girl with critical eye. If she pleases the wife-seeker, is not too short or thin; if she be fair, tall, and her nose not too large, then, after the blushing girl retires with the cups, she opens the subject to her mother, and, if she be willing, then they soon settle the matter, for if the young man is able to earn a few dollars a month, no questions are asked about his character. Soon one mother returns to tell her son that she has chosen for him the fairest and wisest bride in all the town, while the girl's mother probably tells her child what she has done, not even asking if she be willing or no, although if she were to flatly refuse they could not compel her; but this is very rarely done. In a few days they are publicly introduced, when the groom gives his bride a ring or a gold necklace or bracelet; at the same time he pays the sum agreed upon by her father and himself, with which every man must buy his wife. This sum varies, but ranges from \$50 to \$500. At the betrothal he probably sees her for the first time, and, whether his taste agrees with that of his mother or not, he must marry her, for no greater shame or wrong can be put on a girl in Egypt than to leave her after proceeding so far. The money paid is spent in dresses and jewelry for the bride. She, on her part, must furnish bedding, a looking-glass, some dishes, a box for her clothing, and the copper vessels used for cooking and washing. As soon as the engagement takes place singing-women are hired to sing and dance in the home of the bride until the day of the wedding comes round. Then, about eleven o'clock at night, the wedding party goes forth headed by a band of music; next comes the groom, supported and surrounded by his intimate friends; these are followed by the women, all closely veiled, with the bride among them. She is closely enveloped in a red cashmere shawl, and of course has to be led by two friends. All the men carry lanterns and torches, and, as they walk slowly along, the bright garments, the wild music, the flashing lights, together with the shrill cries of joy uttered by the women, make a picture only seen in an Eastern land. The marriage takes place in the church (for this is a Coptic wedding). It would take too long to describe this ceremony, for it takes two or three hours to perform it. I have known the poor young bride (never more than a child) go fast asleep, and have to be aroused by her more wakeful groom, in order to respond. After the ceremony the bridal party sleep in the church on mats spread on the floor, but at the first peep of day, the bride is taken from her mother and carried away to the home of her father-in-law, for if there be ten sons, all live under the parental roof.

### THE TIRED FOOT.

The potter stood at his daily work,  
One patient foot on the ground,  
The other, with never-slacking speed,  
Turning his swift wheel round.  
Silent we stood beside him there,  
Watching the restless knee,  
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,  
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,  
Shaping the wondrous thing;  
'Twas only a common flower-pot,  
But perfect in fashioning.  
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,  
With homely truth inspired:  
"No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks—  
The one that stands gets tired!"

## AT THE DOOR OF THE NEW YEAR.

The corridors of Time  
Are full of doors—the portals of closed years;  
We enter them no more, though bitter tears  
Beat hard against them, and we hear the chime  
Of lost dreams, dirge-like, in behind them ring  
At Memory's opening.

But one door stands ajar—  
The New Year's; while a golden chain of days  
Holds it half shut. The eager foe  
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;  
And fears that shrink, and hopes that shout  
aloud

Around it wait and crowd.

It shuts back the unknown,  
And dare we truly welcome one more year,  
Who down the past a mocking laughter bear  
From idle aims like wandering breezes blown?  
We whose large aspirations dimmed and shrank,  
Till the year's scroll was blank?

We pause beside the door.  
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter it?  
How shall we thence Thy hidden treasure win?  
Shall we return in beggary as before,  
When Thou art near at hand, with infinite  
wealth,

Wisdom and heavenly health?

The footsteps of a Child  
Sound close beside us. Listen! He will speak.  
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,  
Yet has He trod the world's press undefiled.  
"Come with Me!" hear Him through His smiling  
say,  
"Behold, I am the Way!"

Against the door His face  
Shines as the sun. His touch is a command;  
The years unfold before His baby hand!  
The beauty of His presence fills all space.  
"Enter through Me," He saith, "nor wander  
more;

For lo! I am the door."

And all doors openeth He.  
The new-born Christ, the Lord of the New  
Year,  
The threshold of our locked hearts standeth  
near,  
And while He gives us back love's rusted key,  
Our future on us with His eyes has smiled,  
Even as a little child.

### Mortified.

A short time since a couple of young men  
entered a car of a Delaware Railroad train,  
and tried to turn one of the seats before sit-  
ting down. The seat was locked, but the  
young men didn't mind that, and one of  
them took out his knife to pick the lock.

While he was at work, an elderly gentle-  
man seated behind them quietly remon-  
strated.

"That's all right, old man," returned one  
of them. "We know what we're about, so  
keep your clothes on."

"Don't you know that you are liable to  
prosecution for that?" continued the old  
man, mildly. "It's the same as burglary,  
in the eyes of the law. If you want the  
seat turned, ask the conductor, and he will  
do it for you."

"You talk as though you knew a good  
deal," said one of the young men, looking  
up with a sarcastic smile. "How long have  
you been in the railroad business?"

"About twenty years," returned the old  
gentleman, gently.

The youth looked a little saucily sur-  
prised as he asked, "And pray, what posi-  
tion do you hold now?"

"I am president of the road," returned  
Mr. Hinckley; "and if you disobey any  
further rules of the road I shall call upon  
the officers to arrest you."

The young men took a rear car, while the  
passengers smiled.—The Occident.

### Autumn.

O! not upon thy fading fields and fells  
In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,  
My home! but o'er thy mountains and the  
dells

His footsteps fall, slowly and solemnly.  
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,  
Save the faint-breathing rose, that round the  
year

Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim  
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.

O'er yellow stubble lands, in mantel brown,  
He wanders through the wan October light,  
Still as he goeth slowly stripping down,  
The garlands green that were the Spring's de-  
light,

At morn and eve, thin silver vapors rise  
Around his path; but sometimes at mid-day  
He looks along the hills with gentle eye,  
That make the fallow woods and fields seem  
gay.

Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath;  
A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red;  
And the cold, sobbing wind bestrewn his path  
With withered leaves, that rustle 'neath his  
tread;

And round him still, in melancholy state,  
Sweet, solemn sounds of death and of decay,  
In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,  
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

## THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly,  
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will be all light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
Wherein our guides are blind as we,  
And faith is small and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—J. G. Whittier.

Frothing.  
Creams frothing came  
as French cream  
but frothing.

Make cream frothing  
and mix into it white  
chopped fine in quantity  
desired. Eng. almonds or

almonds are best for  
the purpose. Some  
prefer to place half  
the nut upon the top

of the frosting rather  
than to mix them  
Golden frosting  
mix with yolke and  
equalme sure of make

and stir in Candar  
Cocoanut frosting  
Make as cocoanut  
canday only softer.

Chocolate frosting  
Make cream frosting  
and mix with it  
grated chocolate.

Kisses  
The whites of 4 egg  
beaten to a froth. 1  
lb powdered sugar

The more eggs and  
sugar are beaten together  
together the stiffer the  
kisses. Bake in a  
moderate oven on

buttered paper.



## Mulled Wine.

1 pint of wine, 1 water, after boiling it with spice, pour it on eggs well beaten separately, it should be stirred constantly or poured from one pitcher to another, till it is all froth when put into glasses grate a little nutmeg over it - mulled cider is made the same way.

## Force meat Balls

Take an equal quantity of Pork & beef, and chop it fine, add near the weight in grated bread; season it with salt, cloves, pepper, sweet herbs and parsley. Put as many eggs (without the whites) as will make it soft enough to roll into Balls. Onions in the Balls help them.

## Calfs foot Jelly

Cut 4 calfes feet in pieces, put them in a pishin with a gallon of water. cover it close, boil them gently until half be consumed, then run the liquor through a sieve & let it stand till cold. With a knife take off the top fat top and bottom, meet the fine part of the jelly in a preserving pan, put in a pint of white wine, the juice of 5 lemons, sugar to your taste, the white of 8 eggs beaten to a froth. Stir all these together near 1/2 hour. pass it through a sieve <sup>not yours</sup> into a jelly bag a piece of lemon peel pass it through the bag until it becomes as clear as water.

## To preserve Grapes in Bunches.

Beat up a little gum Arabic water with the whites of eggs, dip the grapes in it let them dry a little, then roll in fine powdered sugar, put them in a stove to dry, turn and add sugar till perfectly dried.



## Corn Cakes

Take of green corn that, that has grown rather hard & cut a qt. bowl full, to which add 4 eggs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb of butter & beat together with milk and flour about as thick as batter fry them in small round cakes.

## Beer.

10 gals. water 1 gallon of molasses, 3 oz. Hopps, 1 pint yeast-bril the hopps & molasses 3 hours.

## American Cucumber

Take the rind of a good water melon pare off the outside skin then cut it in such shapes as you choose, put it in a kettle with Peach leaves in layers, with water sufficient to cover them, add a little salt, simmer them gently about an hour, take them out and lay them.

## Sugar Gingerbread

1 quart of Sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of butter, 1 pint of Water, 3 Table Spoons of ginger, 1 of pearlash.

## For Summer complaint

put three fourths of a teaspoonful of powdered rhubarb - 1 teaspoonful magnesia into a tea cup and make it full of boiling water, when cold add two teaspoonfuls of brandy and sweeten it with loaf sugar - for a child 2 or 3 years old a teaspoonful 5 or 6 times a day



## The Accidents of Love.

John and Rebecca Redfield had lived many years in the quiet country place of C—, and acquired, by constant toil and unwavering industry, enough of this world's goods to be counted well-to-do people. John had already lived out the allotted time of threescore years and ten, while Aunt Becky (as she was familiarly termed), was approaching sixty-five. Without a child upon earth to take care of, one would hardly suppose the household work would be much, but they were uncommonly busy this particular morning. Uncle John (for every body called him so) had taken unusual care in completing his toilet, as also had his good spouse; she could be seen occasionally at the door, as if expecting some one; and her white cap, with its benevolent border, and her "new calico" told too plainly that indeed some one was expected. Uncle John, wearied of watching, has taken his pipe for a stroll through the orchard, which was rich with its abundance of fruit. Not long, however, did Aunt Becky have to wait for the anticipated arrival, for a carriage soon drove up to the gate, and a saucy-looking little maiden made herself visible, and was soon kissing Aunt Becky in a style that showed very plainly that she was really very glad to see her. Tilsie Vane, for that was her name, was the child of Aunt Becky's only sister, and the pet of both the old couple she annually visited.

"Come, Tilsie, sit down and tell me all about the folks," said Aunt Becky, who was anxious to hear of her only surviving relative.

"Well, let me see; father is well, mother is well, Charlie is—Charlie is sick."

"Poor boy!" replied Aunt Becky, sorrowfully. "He ort to have come, tu; it would have done him sich a deal of good to get some of this fresh country air! What ails him, Tilsie?"

"Ails him?" replied the roguish little maiden. "Ails him? Why, Aunt Becky, he is past cure—nothing in the line of medicine can cure him."

"La, Tilsie, how you du talk! Is it the same bronchitis, or—"

"No—no aunty, he is in love—really in love."

"Now, don't be fooling, child; but tell me they are all well, and du keep a sober face. I can't tell when tu believe you."

"Everybody's well, then," replied Tilsie, pettishly, not relishing Aunt Becky's last speech; "even to Packet, the horse, and Rover, the dog; and so good-bye, I'm going to find Uncle John."

"Well, dear, I think you will find him in the orchard, and—"

"I can find him if he is on the farm." And away she ran, while Aunt Becky called after her in vain.

"Dear, dear! What a highfly she is? I wanted to tell her that Peter Stradspraker was stopping with us, and jest like as not she'll see him, and—"

Aunt Becky did not finish the sentence, but went about her housework, while Tilsie went romping through the orchard in search of the good-natured Uncle John. Presently she curbs her steps somewhat, for she spies Uncle John, as she thinks, sitting against a large apple tree, enjoying the green meadows and the bright sky above him. Tilsie creeps cautiously up behind him, and suddenly thrusts her roguish face into his, at the same time hallooing "boo!" She gave one scream, and made good her steps for the house, while the gentleman, who was none other than Peter Stradspraker, was somewhat puzzled at such an unexpected introduction, and ere he could recover from his astonishment, Tilsie was out of sight. But as the old couple had informed him previously that they were expecting a niece there, he soon accounted for the intrusion, and declared (to himself, of course), that it was not a disagreeable little face to have thrust into his own; and all his mind could

now conjure up was a rose-bud mouth, deep blue eyes, and pretty little gaiter-boots.

Tilsie reached the house nearly out of breath.

"O, Aunt Becky! I went to find Uncle John, and when I thought I had found him, I stole up behind him to say 'boo,' to surprise him, and dear me, I thrust my face right into a stranger's—and a man's too."

Aunt Becky could do nothing but laugh at poor Tilsie's confusion.

"Tilsie, child, I called after you but you would not give heed. I wanted to tell you that Peter Stradspraker, a young lawyer, and the son of an old sweetheart of your Uncle John's, was visiting us."

"An old sweetheart of Uncle John's? Why, Aunt Becky, I don't think, if I were you, I'd thank any such ones to send their children to see me."

"Ah! child; this was a long time ago; besides, I loved her, too, and we have always kept up the old acquaintance."

"Don't you feel jealous of her sometimes, and fear she might steal some of Uncle John's affections from you?" asked Tilsie, roguishly.

"La me! no! He never noticed her after he became acquainted with me; so, you see, I have no reason to be jealous."

"What an awful-sounding name!—Peter Stradspraker! I would like to see the woman who would be willing to adopt that name. Hark? I hear some one; I know that is Uncle John."

And away Tilsie ran, without stopping to think for a moment, and in another instant she had thrust herself in the arms of the young lawyer, who did not seem inclined to release her, when Uncle John made his appearance, and Tilsie went on to tell him of the proceeding, while uncle and Peter laughed heartily.

Tilsie was an uneasy girl, and could not keep quiet long; therefore, the reader need not be startled at finding her the next day after her arrival in the barn looking for hen's eggs. She mounted the ladder to the hay-loft, and began her search; but being unused to the place, she did not heed an opening in the floor, and ere she was aware she had stepped through and was unable to extricate herself; besides, she was just above the horse's head, and what if he should feel inclined to taste of her foot—for she had heard Uncle John speak of his biting propensities. Poor Tilsie was in quite a quandary when the stable-door opened; and again to her chagrin and mortification, Peter Stradspraker entered. As Tilsie expected, he came directly toward the horse, and began untying the halter, preparatory to taking a ride. Peter espied the foot, and instantly ascended the scaffold and released her from her unpleasant situation, with many inquiries as to whether she was injured, which Tilsie answered as well as her shame would let her. Peter thought then he never saw a being more beautiful than Tilsie.

"Well, Aunt Becky, if Peter Stradspraker don't love me, it ain't my fault," exclaimed Tilsie, on reaching the house.

"Why, what now, dear. What have you done?" asked the good old lady, peering over her spectacles at the speaker.

"I have done enough. In novels, the heroine faints and falls into the arms of her future husband, or he saves her from death, or something else very wonderful, while I have thrust my face into that of Mr. Stradspraker and halloosed 'boo,' thrown myself into his arms, and—and—Aunt Becky, to finish the whole, showed him my foot through a hole in the scaffold-floor. What will it be next, I wonder? I hate myself and everybody else."

"Not so bad," replied Aunt Becky, her sides shaking with suppressed laughter. "I dare say, Peter'll think right about it."

"Think right about it! Mercy, how can

And thus poor Tilsie ran on, while Aunt Becky endeavored to console her.

When tea was ready, Tilsie could not be persuaded upon to participate. Peter imagined he was not ignorant of the cause, as he thought of white stockings and number one gaiter-boots; for Peter was in love, yes, deeply in love with the wild Tilsie Vane; and although only two days under the same roof, she, in return, felt something akin toward loving the handsome young lawyer.

The next evening, Tilsie, feeling exhausted from the day's exercise, was about to retire earlier than the usual hour; and, as was her custom, kissed Aunt Becky good-night, and went out on the porch to bid uncle John good-night also. The moon had not yet risen, and Tilsie could see distinctly only a short distance ahead. However, she saw Uncle John on the further end of the porch, in his accustomed place in the warm summer evenings; and approaching him, clasped her arms about his neck, and kissed a kind good night.

"O, Uncle John!" said she. "I'm nearly mortified to death about Mr. Stradspraker. I must tell you before I retire. I don't know what he will think of me, for—"

She stopped short—for, reader, it was Peter Stradspraker whom she was addressing. Her first impulse was to leave, but he gently detained her.

"O, Mr. Stradspraker! it is an accident, I have—"

She could proceed no further, but buried her face in her hands.

"Tilsie, I will tell you what Peter Stradspraker thinks of you. I love you—passionately love you. Tell me, can I hope you love me in return?"

Well, reader, I shan't tell you any more they said that night. I know Tilsie did not retire as early as she anticipated; and not many weeks after she said to Aunt Becky:

"I thrust my face into his and halloosed 'boo,' I threw myself into his arms, I showed him my foot through an aperture in the scaffold, and kissed him in the dark, all within three days, and won him after all; didn't I?"

"And Peter Stradspraker isn't such a queer-sounding name now, is it, Tilsie? Besides, I'm sure you don't hate everybody now; if you did, you wouldn't be for marrying Peter next month," Aunt Becky said, roguishly.

### The Whippoorwill.

Just as the shadows of evening fell,  
And the breeze to the trees bade a soft farewell,

The song of the whippoorwill sweetly came  
Re-echoing far from his woodland home.

Not a ripple disturbed the placid lake,  
Not a sound the stillness of nature break;  
Save the song he chanted in solemn strain,  
"Whippoorwill" over and over again.

Oh, dear enchanter of the twilight hour,  
Thou art my dreaming a magic power,  
As ever thou the plaintive lay  
Softened by distance far away.

Dear herald of spring, thy notes doth prolong,  
Other than the sound of thy wonderful song;  
The songs of the summer returning again,  
The songs of the blue-bird, the robin, the wren.

We see the soft nest the same as of yore.  
High up in apple-tree close by the door,  
Where we watch for their coming, or listen to hear  
The songs from happy hearts merry and clear.

We wait the long days with their bright golden hours,  
We breathe the perfume of the sweet summer flowers;  
We hear the low hum of insect and bee  
All coming, dear warbler, in token of thee.

Sing on, for bright visions thy warblings unfold;  
Fainter than dreams of wealth yet untold;  
Sweeter and purer than thoughts that now thrill,  
Diviner in blessing our souls to fulfill.

Oh, grant us still more of thy wonderful power,  
That cometh alone in the soft twilight hour,  
And teach us of spring-time immortal, on high,  
Bright hopes never fade, and loves

never die.

## THE MAHOGANY

BY WM. M. THACKERAY

Christmas is here:  
Winds whistle shrill,  
Ice and chill.  
Little care we;  
Little we fear  
Weather without,  
Sheltered about  
The Mahogany Tree.

Here let us sport,  
Boys, as we sit,  
Laughter and wit  
Flashing so free.  
Life is but short;  
When we are gone,  
Let them sing on,  
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite!  
Leave us to-night,  
Round the old tree

AFFECTIONATE WIFE TO HUSBAND—"You say you can't take me to Saratoga this summer? Why, there's Ditchetts—he's going to take his wife for the whole season."  
HUSBAND—"Yes! but, my dear, Ditchetts has just failed. I have not."

### THE POVERTY OF BUSINESS.

### INES FOR ALL.

(thinking, "be happy yet")—"Is it that the Crawford case is being retried?"  
Cable editor (placidly)—"Yes, sir; quite true."  
DNA (elated)—"Then make arrangements to have the full details of the examination cabled over at any cost."

### BRIEFS FROM OLD CHOCOLATE.

My goat am bettah en yo' cow.

Sympathy er soothin' ez balsam, an' doan' cost a cent.

All de su'mons you kin reach won't satisfy a mawgaggee ez long ez fo'closin' am lawful.

Nebbah git hol' ob de wrong eand ob a rope on de theory dat yo' kin han'-ovah-han' toe de right eand.

Some folks ah lucky nuff toe cotch 'possum wid a bass drum.



## LITTLE AND GREAT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler, through a dusty road,  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree,  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe his early vows;  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn.  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink:  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that Toil might drink.  
He passed again—and lo! the well  
By summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside.

*Efficient Swan*

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart.  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

### Leap-Year Episode.

Can I forget that winter night  
In eighteen thirty-four,  
When Nellie, charming little sprite,  
Came tapping at the door?  
"Good evening, miss," I blushing said,  
For in my heart I knew—  
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—  
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big red hand, and fell  
Adown upon her knees,  
And cried: "You know I love you well,  
So be my husband, please!"  
And then she swore she'd ever be  
A tender wife and true—  
Ah, what delight it was to me,  
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose  
And mend my shirts, she said,  
And grease my comely Roman nose,  
Each night on going to bed;  
She'd build the fire and fetch the coal,  
And split the kindling, too—  
Love's perjuries overwhelmed her soul  
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no cheek  
To her advances rash,  
She twined her arms about my neck,  
And eyed with my moustache;  
And then she pleaded for a kiss,  
And I—what could I do  
But coyly yield me to that bliss  
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged and proudly wear  
A gorgeous diamond ring,  
And I shall wed my lover fair  
Sometime in early spring.  
I face my doom without a sigh—  
And so, forsooth, would you,  
If you but loved as fond as I  
The Nellie who came to woo.

—Chicago News.

ACCEPTING A L. RETAINER.—Smith:  
Jones refuses to pay a little debt he owes  
me, and I want you to bring suit against  
him for the money.

Lawyer: All right; but lawyers, you  
know, always expect something in the way  
of a retainer.

Smith: Certainly; how much will it be  
Lawyer: About fifty dollars, I guess.  
Smith: Fifty dollars? Why, Jones only  
owes me twenty-five dollars.

Lawyer: Oh, well, call it twenty-five dol-  
lars then.

## BUGLE SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:  
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes—

Dying, dying, dying!

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes—

Dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;  
They faint on hill or field or river!  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying;  
And answer, echoes, answer!—  
Dying, dying, dying!

## SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYWOOD.

Pack, clouds, away! and welcome, day!  
With night we banish sorrow;  
Sweet air, blow soft! mount, lark, aloft  
To give my love good-morrow.  
Wings from the wind to please her mind,  
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
Bird, prune thy wing! nightingale sing!  
To give my love good-morrow;  
To give my love good-morrow  
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast!  
Sing, birds, in every furrow!  
And from each hill let music shrill  
Give my fair love good-morrow,  
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow:  
You pretty elves, among yourselves,  
Sing my fair love good-morrow!  
To give my love good-morrow  
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

### IT WOULD HAVE TO STOP THEN.

BERTIE—"Pa, when I grow up can I wear  
pants?"

PAPA—"Yes, Bertie; that is—er—er before  
marriage."

### Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A mind that is quick to perceive and know,  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble  
sphere,

Doubly blessed with content and health,  
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot,  
For mind and morals in nature's plan  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slumbers  
deep.

Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows its aching head—  
The toiler simple opiate deems  
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good mind of  
yore.

The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empires passed away;  
The world's great dream will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home  
Where all the fireside characters come,  
The shrines of love, the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.  
However humble the home may be,  
O tired with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The blessings that were never bought or  
sold,

And centre there, are better than gold.

— You may not believe me, gentlemen,  
said a weather-beaten tramp, approaching a  
crowd of brokers near the Stock Exchange,  
"but I lost a round sum of money on Wall  
street not so many years ago." The hat  
was passed around, and the tramp put away  
\$1 75 in quarters. "How much was this  
round sum of money that you lost?" was  
asked. "It was a penny. I dropped it  
down a coal-hole."

## THE RIVAL JOURNALIST.

A New York editor who had long cherished  
Resentment against an esteemed Contemporary  
met the latter on a Crosswalk and said "Get  
out, you Liar!" "I shan't do it, you Scound-  
rel!" was the Retort, and the two would have  
Destroyed each other but for the Interference  
of friends. "Why!" exclaimed a Western Edi-  
tor who observed the Collision, "this is worse  
than anything in the Rowdy section. There  
editors meet and part like Gentlemen." "That  
may be," said the two New Yorkers in a breath,  
"but we are not Hypocrites here; and surely  
the Amenities we spread before our Hundreds  
of Thousands of Readers are not too Exclusive  
to be denied Ourselves. What you lack, sir,  
is Sincerity, and as to Consistency you are a  
lamentable Failure. Moral—The Newspaper is  
a great public Educator, and if one talks like a  
Loafer he must, to be truly Sincere, act like a  
Loafer as well.

### THE RULING PASSION.

A newly-married couple were strolling  
through a bazaar.

"Supposing I should buy a cane," said the  
husband.

"A cane?" rejoined the evil-minded clerk.  
"A nice thing to start housekeeping with, I  
must confess."

### THE ENJOYABLE CONFESSION.

A Man with a very Red Nose got up  
in a Protracted Meeting and said he  
had been a Great Sinner—he was prob-  
ably the Greatest Sinner present. "You  
are mistaken, sir," said a man with a  
Brand on his Cheek. "I am a Greater  
Sinner than you are, and I'll bet Five  
Dollars on it. I don't let no man come  
around here and Brag me out of Coun-  
tenance." "Aha!" exclaimed the gen-  
tleman of the inflamed Protuberance,  
warming to the discussion, "this is to  
be a Competitive Examination, is it?  
Very well, sir! I happen to know that  
you didn't get your Brand in state  
prison as you Claim, but by stumbling  
against a Hot Stove while in a perfectly  
sober Condition. It was Stupidity that  
marked you, sir—not the Unparalleled  
article of Crime." "I give it up," was  
the reply of the Individual of the facial  
Disfigurement with a crestfallen look;  
"but see here, you Brazen Counterfeit!  
I can prove by a dozen Witnesses that  
you got your Inflammation of proboscis  
not from Inebriation, as you have been  
heard to Declare, but from a simple  
Attack of very common Erysipelas!"  
"Alas!" was the reply with a sob of  
mingled surprise and grief, "how our  
virtues do find us out! I give it up  
myself." Whereupon the Assembled  
Penitents exclaimed one to another,  
"What kind of a Confessional is this?  
Verily it is as if Mr. Barnum were run-  
ning it;" and they turned upon the  
Humbug Claimants and beat them into  
Insensibility. Moral—We can't all be  
Celebrated Criminals and win the tears  
and Applause of the Female Sex, and in  
making our Confessions we had better Confine  
ourselves to the Frozen Truth.

A man asked for admission to a show for  
half price, as he had but one eye.  
"Well, it does beat all! I thought we  
were through with that fiscally cashier,  
but it seems not." "What is the matter  
now, sir?" "He encloses a couple of dol-  
lars' worth of postage stamps and tells me  
he can't use them over there, and wants the  
money on them immediately."—*Rockester*  
*Post-Express.*

are all ladies?" Mr. Brown made this in-  
quiry of her husband.  
"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the  
managers of the telephone companies were  
aware that no class of employees work so  
faithfully as those who were in love with  
their labor, and they knew that ladies  
would be fond of the work in telepho-  
ne offices."  
"What is the work in a telephone office?"  
Mrs. Brown further inquired.  
"Talking," answered Mr. Brown, and  
the conversation came to an end.—*Sinner*  
*are their suit and pay at the call.*  
*more their little and pay also to pay.*  
*and little boys go pecking stones.*



## BETH GARLAND'S PRIZE.

"YOU are certain to have it, Beth, certain to have it."

"Have what, Susie, dear?"

"Why, the first-class prize, to be sure! Presented to Beth Garland for punctuality and for the highest number of marks for lessons." How I shall clap, Beth, when you walk up to the desk to receive it! No one will grudge my dear Beth the prize. You have won it fairly, and well deserve it." Beth shook her head.

"I don't know about that," she said, merrily. "We shall see. \* \* \* No, Susie, dear, I cannot go part way home with you this afternoon."

"No, not a little bit of the way?" said Susie, coaxingly.

"No, not a little bit," laughed Beth.

"Why, it's breaking-up day tomorrow! You have no lessons to learn."

"I have to call elsewhere," said Beth. "So good-bye until tomorrow, dear."

"Good-bye, then," said Susie. "I must hasten home, for mother wants to have tea early."

Away across the field and out into the lane beyond passed bright-eyed Susie Davis, looking back now and then at her friend, Beth Garland, who stood with her bag containing her lesson books in her hand under a shady tree, watching until Susie was out of sight.

"Now, she can't see me," exclaimed Beth, as she caught the last faint glimpse of Susie's white pinafore. "She can't see me now, and wonder where I'm going to." And, starting off at a sharp walk, which soon became a run, Beth made her way back to the village school-room she had left in company with her friend about ten minutes ago.

"Why, Beth," exclaimed Miss Milwood, the teacher, who was just locking up her desk, "how hot you are, child! You should not run this warm weather. What is the matter? Have you forgotten one of your books?"

"No, Miss Milwood, thank you," replied Beth. "I only came back because I wanted to speak to you alone. To-morrow is breaking-up day!"

"So I suppose," said Miss Milwood, smiling.

"And—the girls think," stammered Beth,—“at least, Susie says they think I shall have the first-class prize; and—and, if I have Miss Milwood, I want to share it with Susie, please. We have had the same number of marks for lessons and attendance for months. I have counted them week by week and we are equal in the examination marks; and you see, Miss Milwood, it was not Susie's fault that she missed school a whole week after that heavy snow-storm in February."

"No; the roads were impassable," said the teacher, thoughtfully. "Susie, living at such a distance from the school, could not possibly attend. With the exception of that week!"

"We are about equal, are we not?" asked Beth, eagerly.

Miss Milwood smiled.

"You seem to know all about it," she said kindly; "and, certainly, you two girls have worked harder than any others in the class, with the exception of Annie Merle and Kate Ross, both of whom have left during the half-year."

"Then you will divide the prize, will you not, dear Miss Milwood?" pleaded Beth.

"How can I?" asked Miss Milwood. "The prizes are ordered."

"Then let Susie have the prize intended for me," said Beth, "and just give me a little certificate instead. I am a whole year older than Susie. It is far more to her credit than to mine to gain the prize. And promise me, dear Miss Milwood, that you will not mention it to the girls."

"Very well, dear," said Miss Milwood. "I promise not to mention it to the girls."

The breaking-up day came—a bright, lovely, fine day. Seated at their desks in the school room were placed chairs and forms for the children's friends and parents.

"The first-class prize has been honestly won by Beth Garland," said Miss Milwood. Susie began to clap most vigorously.

"Wait a moment, Susie," said Miss Milwood, smiling. "I find that, had you not been obliged to remain at home for a week after that heavy snow storm in February, you and Beth would have had an equal number of marks. Therefore, I think all your school fellows will be quite willing that you should have a share in the prize."

"The prizes had been ordered before this discovery of the number of marks was made, and the first-class prize is a small writing-

desk. You are fond of writing, Susie, so the desk shall be yours; and, as Beth is very fond of needlework, if she does not mind waiting a day or two, she shall have a work-box equal in value to the desk."

The children cheered. Some of them surely must have guessed that Beth had suggested the division of the prize, they looked at her so lovingly, as, with her fair face flushed with excitement, she walked up the long school room with her friend Susie, who received from Miss Milwood a pretty writing-desk, while Beth received a tiny note, containing these words—

"I kept my promise not to tell any of the girls, my dear little Beth, but I did tell my brother about your wish; and he begged me to order the work-box for you. Through all life's changes, Beth, try to keep your loving, unselfish spirit. God will help you, if you ask him."

### Hurrah for the Man Who Pays!

There are men of brains who count their gains

By the million dollars or more;

They buy and sell, and really do well

On the money of the poor.

They manage to get quite deep in debt

By various crooked ways;

And so we say that the man today

Is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down

Some alley or back-way street;

With head erect he will never deflect,

But boldly each man will meet.

He counts the cost before he is lost

In debt's mysterious maze,

And he never buys in manner unwise,

But calls for his bills and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair

In the man who buys for cash;

He is not afraid of being betrayed

By a jack-leg shyster's dash.

What he says to you he will certainly do,

If it's cash or thirty days;

And when he goes out, the clerks will shout,

Hurrah for the man who pays!

### A SONG OF LAMENTATION.

How hard to be with one in love

Who's just a rung or two above

You on the social ladder!

For Nan's a baker's daughter, I

A drygoods clerklet fain to try

To make her life the gladder.

How hard to woo the balm of sleep

Within my garret, and to weep

Against her hostile feeling;

To dream her tears bedew my face

But find them rain-drops out of place

And falling through the ceiling!

If I did die before the morn,

She'd rue the day that she was born

And hush her grief to praise me:

Would call herself a "flirt," a "beast,"

And with a bucketful of yeast

Would then essay to raise me.

She'd doubtless ride atop the hearse

And drive the rig or something worse,

(I truly fear she'd risk it);

She'd eat her humble pie and weep,

And place above my head a heap

Of monumental biscuit.

Come, Cupid! on the counter sit

Or just above the crullers flit,

Whichever may suit your fancy:

Shoot deftly, so that she may bake

For me a frosted wedding-cake

Whereon is "Bill, from Nancy."

DEWITT STERRY.

### AT SUNRISE.

Over the green grass wet with dew,

Lightly tripping, a maiden flew,

Eyes alight with the gleam of love

And the golden sunlight fair above.

Now she stops, and o'er the wall

Dainty fingers and nimble feet

Cautiously climb where wild vines crawl,

Plucking a nosegay fresh and sweet.

"If you wouldn't be plucked from your mossy

bed

You never should be so sweet!" she said.

Over the fields, with a sturdy stride,

A yeoman stepped to the maiden's side,

And over the cheeks that flushed so red,

With a tender smile, he bent his head.

And his arm stole gently 'round her there,

While the nosegay fell to the ground unseen

And the song birds warbled a sprightlier air.

For he kissed her a hundred times, I ween,

"If you'd keep your kisses, dear lips so red,

You never should be so sweet!" he said.

### THE LATCH KEY.

Heart, will you not let me in?

I am knocking at the gate,

Your warm shelter I would win,

Weeping all the night I wait.

If the gateways I must win

To thy heart's enchanted land,

By great wealth, or worth within,

I must ever outside stand.

But your hand extends to me,

Signal flag of friendly part,

Ah! in ecstasy, I see—

Love is latchkey to thy heart!

## THE WOMAN AND THE MOUSE.

A Large Woman encountered a Small Mouse in a place from which she could not Escape and which had no chairs or tables on which to Climb to Safety. "Well," she said, after having Screeched, "I suppose I'll have to Kill You; otherwise I shall die of Fright," and she brought down her Broom with great Force, upsetting a set of Dishes and spraining her Ankle in her Effort to get away from the Blow herself. "Dumb it!" she exclaimed Furiously; whereupon the Mouse, which had sprung nimbly to an opposite Corner of the Room, remarked politely, "Did you speak, my Dear? And if you did, allow me to say that you shouldn't use such Vulgar Words." "Well," said the Woman, turning red with Anger, "of all the impudence I ever did hear of! Take that!" And she used the Broom with such Destructive Force that she upset a kettle of hot Water and inflicted a bad wound in her Forehead. "Out on the First Base!" exclaimed the Mouse in evident glee from his second retreat on the Window-Sill, adding with mock Apprehension, "If you hit at me again you'll be guilty of Suicide." The Mouse had, however, in escaping the Broom made it possible for her to Escape by the door-way; and seizing her Opportunity she retreated in very good order, but somewhat Demoralized, remarking as she went, "Go, little Beast. The world is large enough for you and me." Moral—Necessity frequently makes us Better than we care to be, and it's a poor Woman who

can't turn a bewildering Defeat into an amazing Victory.

## THE LADY AND THE FISH.

An Amateur Fisherman returned heavily

laden with Finny Treas-

ure and remarked to his

Wife as he exposed the

same to her Appreciative

Eyes, "That big fellow

gave me Sport for half

an Hour. It was very

Exciting, too. At one

time I thought I'd lost

him, but I Played him

with such Success that he

finally gave up as Gently

as a Lamb." "You must

have used Good Hooks,"

said the Lady, thus appar-

ently showing her Ignor-

ance of the Fisher's art."

"H'm, yes!" was the re-

ply. "Got a dozen of

'em at the Grocery on the

Corner—large, sharp and

with extra fine Barbs.

"That being the Case,"

said the Lady, surveying

the Catch more critically,

how happens it that the

Mouths of the Finny

Treasure are not wounded

and their Necks bear

marks as if they had been

Caught with a Snare?"

Whereupon the Amateur

Fisherman tipped over the

door, slapped the Towel he

had been using vici-

ciously against a Nail in the wall, and suddenly

exclaimed, "Say, you! Don't you mean to

have that supper ready to-night?" Moral—

When one returns from a fishing Excursion he

is very Hungry, and the only way to get along

with him is to let him Frequently Change the

Subject.

## KITTY SMUTTY NOSE.

Sometimes while a story grows

Languidly beneath my hand,

Pretty Kitty Smutty Nose

Leaps up lightly on the stand;

Fats my pen and sniffs my ink,

Daintily inspects my lines,

(With a mild contempt, I think,

Judging by her quiet signs.)

Sweeps her tail across my face.

Walks serenely up and down

Over the leaves, with easy grace—

Headless if I smile or frown;

Turns and purrs against my cheek,

And her criticism o'er,

Settles for a cosy sleep

On a page of written lore.

Pretty Kitty Smutty Nose,

What can now be done with you

Lying here in sweet repose?

Put you in a story too?

Very well, then, here she goes

Over the hills and into town,

Pretty Kitty Smutty Nose

With her story written down.

—A girl didn't want her lover to nar-

boat after her, because she didn't desire

read in the papers that "Matildy Slocu-

up for repairs." "Matildy Slocum is in

doek to be scraped," etc.

—Which is the most costly, a horse

bicycle?—Reader. The first cost is of

about the same; the difference in the c

afterwards depends on the relative pri-

arnica and oats.—Philadelphia Call.

—The London Times recently printed

editorial seven columns long. It belie-

that the French Government will go to si-

reading it, and that war will thus be avert-

—Buffalo Express.

table, stained and

## TO MOTHER.

On Friday when the sun was high,  
The Lord of Life gave up His breath,  
And meekly bowed His head to die,  
That He might win the keys of death.

a Friday when the sun was high,  
Didst thou, beloved, yield thy breath,  
Without a groan, without a sigh,  
To Him who keeps the keys of death.

Thy feet were in His footprints set,  
Careful lest thou one step shouldst miss  
When with death's stream thy feet were wet  
—Thou didst but follow Him in this.

And thou art with Him where He is,  
His glory to behold and share;  
For what an earnest prayer was His,  
That all His own should meet Him there!

O blessed end of toil and love,  
The pilgrim rests from journeying days;  
Children and children's children there,  
For these shall songs of welcome raise.

And one by one, as homeward bound,  
We who are left approach that shore,  
Thy smile shall greet us heavenly ground,  
And love shall bless us evermore.

MONTREAL, Nov. 24, 1883.



# BERTHA'S EXPERIMENT.

BERTHA MACALISTER sat by the window, looking out into the garden. She had laid down the long white seam her lap, and was watching the vagrant butterflies outside, and the humming bird uncing here and there and making love to the flowers. She had lived many years in a great old house, and passed many a summer afternoon looking into the old-fashioned garden where the roses were, and the blue-eyed larkspurs and heavy-scented syringas. Bertha was twenty-eight and she had never been in love. Now she had reached that age, which old school mates, happily married and long ago, had begun to tell her how young she looked. That is always the first sign of coming age; so it goes to a woman's heart with a queer little pang when kind-hearted friends begin to say, "Why, time stands still with you, my dear. You haven't grown old at all."

It was very curious, when you think of it, that Bertha had never loved. She had had two or three offers soon after she left school, but none of the suitors had touched her heart and so she had sent them away, and then for five or six years past no lovers had knocked at her door. But now, at last one had come, and she was thinking of him as she sat and watched the sun-suffused vagrants of the summer outside the window. She lived in the house of her older brother, for they were orphans, he and she, and had always clung to each other. His wife was a not unkindly woman, but she did not understand Bertha, and sometimes the girl realized, with a sort of pathetic, self pity, how weary are the feet that climb the stairs of others.

Now, as she sat by the window, her brother's wife—this good, practical, but unsympathetic Maria—was talking with an aunt who was there on a visit. Miss MacAlister had paid scant heed to the drift of their drowsy discourse, but suddenly a sentence caught her attention. Maria was saying:

"I think she married him just for a home." Aunt Sarah's voice took on a certain touch almost of solemnity as she answered: "Marrying for a home is always a dangerous experiment, and almost always a fatal one."

At this sentence Bertha MacAlister turned round, quickly. She joined in the conversation almost eagerly: "So you think marrying for a home is always wrong, Aunt Sarah?"

"I did not say that, child; I think it is always dangerous. And yet I can easily imagine circumstances under which a middle-aged woman might see that she could make her life a fountain of blessing by marrying for a home, and then dispensing from that home, a generous hospitality, making it a center of warmth and good cheer and brightness. And it seems to me that a man who would help her to do and be all this she would in time learn to love."

"You said a middle-aged woman, Aunt Sarah; so you don't think a girl could do this thing?"

"There'd be something unnatural in her doing it, it seems to me. Cool calculation hardly belongs to the period of youth; and, of course, no honest woman would marry for such motives without making them very clear to the man she married."

Bertha went back to the stronghold of silence, and thought steadily. Last night George Archibald had asked her to be his wife, and tonight he was coming for his answer. What answer should she give him? Surely, if she loved a man, it must be that she would prefer him to all the world—she would rather have him, poor, than any other man, rich, and she would be quite willing to toil and struggle for him. She was sure that she felt none of this for George Archibald. Her brother Harry was infinitely dearer to her. If Archibald were poor, she knew, or thought she knew, that she would not care for him at all. She was pitilessly honest with herself. She put all the facts of the case before herself very plainly.

Her sister-in-law Maria, was a good person, but tiresome. She would certainly like to get away from Maria. She was conscious of a love for authority; she would like to be lady paramount in her own home. When it came to George Archibald, she respected him, certainly; but she respected twenty other men as much. He was a man of no mean attainments, and he was rich. He was ten years older than herself, and rather fine looking than otherwise, but not a girl's hero by any means. She had been in his home often when his mother—who had now been dead a year—had shared it with him. She knew comfortable and well appointed it was. Should hinder her from being its mistress. What, indeed, but the single fact that

she did not love George Archibald, and that, without the home, she would never think of being his wife? The whole thing puzzled her. She thought and thought until the long June afternoon wore away. Tea was over at last, and it was almost time for Mr. Archibald to come. Bertha went up stairs and put some last touches to her toilet. She was no beauty, but she had a good figure, a clear, fine skin, rather pale than otherwise, and dark, blue-gray eyes, shaded by lashes a shade darker than her brown hair. She was dressed in white, as suited the June day. She fastened a crimson rose in her hair and a knot of them upon her breast. Then she waited until she heard the bell ring, and went down, tranquilly.

Mr. Archibald persuaded her out into the old garden, and there he asked her over again his question of the night before.

"I have thought all day," she said, "and at the end I am no nearer knowing what I ought to do. Now you must decide for me. If I loved you, that would make it very simple."

She was too much absorbed in what she was saying—in her honest desire to set the truth and the whole truth faithfully before him—to notice his sudden gesture and the look of pain that came over his face as she said those words. He did not speak till his voice was thoroughly under his control, and then he said, with an accent of inquiry:

"So you do not love me at all?"

"I do not think I do. If I loved you, it would mean, wouldn't it, that I preferred poverty with you to prosperity with any one else—that I would like to share your lot, whatever it might be? I've asked myself if I felt like that, and I don't. If I married you, I know part of the reason would be that I might have a home of my own, that I might be mistress instead of a sister-in-law borne with very kindly, but borne with all the same; and love must surely be quite a different matter from this mood of calm reason."

"Love must be madness, you think. At least, tell me, do you love any one else better than me?"

The clear, honest eyes met his fearlessly.

"No," she said, "I love no one else at all, and I never have. It is queer, isn't it? for I have wanted to love all my life. Doesn't Emerson say that we shall have whatever we want, if we wait patiently—that if we sat on a rock in the midst of the sea, it would come floating by us at length? But love has never floated my way, and I think it never will now; I am twenty-eight, you know."

Archibald was silent. It seemed that she was putting her fate into his hands. Should he take her or leave her? The truth was that he loved her desperately, as a man does love sometimes in the Indian summer of his life. But he had no heart now to tell her so. How could he intrude his ardors upon this woman, meeting him, as she said herself, in a mood of calm reason, and lifting to his face her honest eyes, full of anxiety to do the thing that would be best for herself and for him? His first thought was that he would not take a stone for bread; he would leave her, then and there, forever. But, as I said, he loved her, and this great love constrained him. Surely, she too would feel it at last, and her coldness would melt in its warmth. But he must not shock her with these wild hopes and longings of his now. He answered her as quietly as she herself had spoken; he almost jested with her.

"So if you took me, it would be a choice of evils, a preference of George to Maria?"

His tone set her at her ease, and she laughed merrily.

"Not quite so bad as that; I do like you, and we must both have outgrown the days of romance. Don't you think so?"

He did not answer, and she went on:

"It's all for you to say. I'm not afraid really, but I should be happy enough, and if you want me, knowing just how I feel, I could be a good wife to you, I think; but if you want something that I can't give, why I shall never blame you for saying so, and going away."

"Yes, I want something that you cannot give," he said, hoarsely; "but the trouble is that no one else can give it either. I have no choice, Bertha. If you are willing to be my wife you shall be."

She wondered that he did not kiss her—she had always thought that was the next thing after such an understanding as theirs—and she wondered, too, that he went away so soon. But she settled it in her own mind that his feeling was as cool as was hers, that he was done with romance, and had simply thought of her as a suitable and sensible person to be the mistress of his home, now that his mother had gone out of it. Well, please heaven, she would make him a good wife, and make that home happy. And she, surely, was near enough to middle age to be hap-

her. This should not be one of Aunt Sarah's dangerous experiments.

That night she told her brother of her engagement. Perhaps there had been something wanting in his life, despite all Maria's qualities of good housekeeper and careful manager. He loved Bertha dearly; and there came some wayward tears into her eyes as he took her hands in his and said:

"Archibald's a good fellow, sis; but be sure you love him before you marry him. You have no need to marry for a home, you know for all I have as much yours as mine."

And Bertha kissed him—her handsome Harry, whom she had been so proud of all her life—and wondered secretly what he had found in Maria Sage to make him sure he loved her and wanted to pass all the days of his life with her. But the next morning Maria showed her most genial side. Of course she had heard the news from her husband overnight, and she could well afford to be her best and most generous self to the sister-in-law who was so soon to be her rich neighbor, and quite independent of her good offices.

Mr. Archibald came over and talked with Mr. MacAlister. The wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of September. But there was a curious constraint between the bridegroom and his promised bride. They seemed to get on best in the presence of others. None of those shy, delicious confidences, for which most betrothed lovers find the hours they can snatch from the rest of the world all too short, seemed to be exchanged between them. They talked over all their plans very openly. Such and such rooms were to be refurnished; this servant to be retained, that one sent away. Mrs. Archibald should have a pony-carriage, and she must choose between black horses and gray. Suitable gifts came to her. A diamond solitaire, white and bright as a drop of dew, sparkled on her finger. All Mr. Archibald's kith and kin sent presents—solid, substantial, respectable presents that would all be useful.

Bertha really enjoyed the excitement of her shopping, the present little bustle of preparation. She was too busy and too satisfied really to miss anything; but sometimes she wondered a little that her betrothed so seldom sought to be alone with her, and that he never said a single word of love to her. It was his quiet, middle-aged way, she supposed, and very sensible certainly; but wasn't it just a trifle unlike other people? Her brother noticed it, with an almost angry surprise. In his eyes Bertha was fairest and dearest always; and he had no mind that any man should receive the gift of her unthankfully. Only a week before the wedding he called her to him, and smoothing her pretty soft hair, in a tender fashion he had, he said:

"Bertha, are you sure you are marrying for love? Somehow the way things go on doesn't half satisfy me. What should you want that fellow for if you don't love him?"

"And what should he want me for if he doesn't love me?" Bertha answered lightly. "Take it for granted, Harry, that we both know what we are about."

And so the wedding-day came; and Bertha wore bridal white, and behaved exceptionally well. She did not shed a single tear; but Maria, who thought that without tears a wedding would be incomplete, wept profusely; though she had seldom been more delighted in her life. The wedding breakfast was perfection; the wedding journey was a pleasure, since both Archibald and his bride were good travelers; and on the 1st of October Mistress Bertha Archibald entered into her kingdom, and commenced her kindly but despotic rule over a home of her own.

Aunt Sarah had said something about making a home the centre of kindly hospitalities. She would do just that. So she invited one old friend after another to stay with her. She gave charming little dinners and pleasant evenings, and proved herself an almost perfect hostess. Mr. Archibald seconded all her invitations; was courtesy itself to all her friends; but after a while a curiously tired look began to grow into his face. As time wore on Bertha more and more filled the house with people and the hours with entertainment. She never acknowledged any lack, even in the sessions of her silent thought. "They were such a sensible couple," she used to say, she and Mr. Archibald, "just as if they had been married for years. No doubt it was because neither of them was young; and then, she remembered how sweet youth was with its dreams and its follies, and she was half sorry she had not known George Archibald in the old time, when, no doubt, she should have loved him.

Did he love her? It was not till several months had passed that she began to ask this question of herself. At first she had not particularly cared; but a vague wonder, born half of sadness, stole into her heart after a

A CONSCIENTIOUS school-boy has written a composition on the horse, in which he says it is an animal having four legs, "one at each corner."

A fond mother in Kingston, N. Y., keeps an old-fashioned rocking-chair sitting in a corner as an ornament, because if it she has rocked ten babies, all of whom grew up to be men, and are now living and married.

At a wedding, after the clergyman had united the happy pair, an awful silence ensued, which, becoming rather tiresome to a young gentleman, he cried out, "You need not be so unrespectably happy."

A celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed without hitting him. Turning to a friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

A hoxworth road, from the swamps of Nevada, came through the mail, a distance of three thousand miles, to a young merchant of Wilmington, last week, having rode the whole distance, encased in a saddle-box, from which he was taken out in the best health and spirits.

The Penny-Post brings me no letter to read, but I greet him all the same with a smile.

With your words held fast in my heart, I will read, what message, I pray, does he think that I need.

Over the hall-way (the door's ajar), Little Naut's laugh comes with ravishing ring.

Bells from the tower chime sweet and far, All joining a joy that the soft airs bring.

Why your umbrella? Does it, then, rain? Where were my eyes that I could not see?

Full of glad news that you should not blame, For my sun is shining today on me.

—Tribes (London Free Press)

"Hullo!" said a policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house? Have you lost the key?"

"No," he replied, "the dissonant key?"

"I've—haven't lost the key?"

"I've—lost the keyhole."

—Bur

"If you would be truly happy, my dear, you would have to be truly happy."

"You would have to be truly happy, my dear, you would have to be truly happy."

"You would have to be truly happy, my dear, you would have to be truly happy."

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while. It seemed to her that she was losing something that other women had; and she grew almost vexed with her lot, though her home was the perfect home she had planned it, and she was more absolutely mistress of it than women often are.

As for Archibald, he felt somehow as if he were turning to stone. He had loved her so much in the beginning that he had feared to shock her with a feeling that she could not return; and now coldness and self-control seemed to have become second nature to him, and he never dreamed any more of departing from them. Moreover, he was a very proud man, and this alone would have withheld him from showing a fondness which might possibly be unwelcome. If ever now he were to be her lover as well as her husband, it must be of her seeking.

The first summer of their married life came, and, oddly enough, Bertha missed the old home, even Maria in it. She longed to sit again at the east window and look into the old garden where the roses were, and the blue-eyed larkspurs and the heavy-scented syringas, and dream her old dreams again—a free woman in a free world. She was beginning to learn the lesson that only one thing can make fetters better than freedom, and that thing is love.

One day Archibald came in with the air of one who was about to confer a pleasure. "Bertha," he called from the foot of the stairs, and Bertha came down to him. She had put on a white dress, and some of the old crimson roses, which she had brought back from a call on Maria that morning, were in her hair and on her bosom. She was to him just like the woman he had wooed last year. In just this guise had she come down to him then in the soft June twilight, and he had hurried her out into the garden with beating heart, never guessing that he was to hear there no tender confession of love, but a puzzled woman's conundrum as to whether she was justified in marrying without it. For one moment his heart beat with the old sweet tumult. He was on the point of going up to her and taking her in his arms, but he remembered the words of that other June night, the words that awoke him then from his lover's dream, with too keen a bitterness. He spoke to her very quietly.

"My cousins, the Merediths, are going to Newport. They have taken a house there for three months to come, and they have invited you to go with them. I think it will be an excellent opportunity for you, and you were wishing for a breath of sea-air the other day."

"Oh, yes," Bertha cried, delightedly, "it will be charming. And you—you will come, too?"

"I will come when I can. Business is unusually engrossing this summer, and I cannot get away often."

So Bertha went off with the Merediths, and Mr. Archibald remained behind in the pleasant home a few miles from New York. He grew more and more busy, and many nights he did not go out from the city at all, but stayed late at his desk, and then snatched a few hours of sleep at some down-town hotel. It was the summer of 1873, and there were portents in the sky.

Once or twice he went to Newport, and Bertha and he watched each other with a curious interest. Seeing him in the midst of other people, she began to admire him as she had never done before. He was altogether a man and she grew proud of him, with a shy, half-tender pride that had a new sweetness and a new trouble in it. But he told her none of his anxieties. She should keep the ease and prosperity for which she had married him as long as he could give them to her, he thought bitterly. It was for women who loved their husbands to help bear their burdens. The first week in September he ran down hurriedly. There was a longing in his heart to see her just once more at her best, in the midst of all the good things with which he had surrounded her. What might chance before the next time they met, who knew? She seemed to him to have grown young, almost like a girl, he thought. She drove him up and down the beaches and along the avenue in her pretty little wagonette, and the groom in the rumble thought "Ere for once was 'appiness in 'igh life!'"

After that visit Mr. Archibald did not write. The great black wave was sweeping down on him fast, fast. He was struggling gallantly, but the tide was strong. One night a strange unrest took possession of Bertha. She wondered what had kept him silent. She had sent her weekly letter, full of pretty little sentences, carefully written, as one writes who is anxious to please, but no word had come. The sea seemed sadder than usual. It broke upon the beach with a long lament. Through the pale fog the light-house lamps shown weirdly and fitfully. It

seemed to Bertha that there was trouble in the air, and she trembled for him, her husband. She had begun lately to think of him so differently from what she used. She went to bed, but all night long she heard the waves complain, and her heart kept time to the trouble that was on the sea.

The next morning she went down attired for traveling. Mrs. Meredith deprecated so sudden a departure, and everybody was politely anxious that she should remain. There was a little choking in her throat as she said the words. She had only now begun to realize how dear home was to her.

All day she traveled, and it was after dark when she entered her own house. She asked for Mr. Archibald and was told that he had not been home for three days. Something must be wrong, she was sure. She went into his study; it was dusty and desolate. Her last letter lay unopened upon his desk. She had a little fire made in the grate, and she herself dusted the books and writing materials. If he came home, he should find a cheerful place than this had been. She ate a little supper, and then she went upstairs to rest, charging the servants, if Mr. Archibald came, to say nothing of her presence in the house.

She threw herself down upon her bed, and began to think. What was this that she felt for George Archibald? Was not this love at last, sweet, though late? Now, indeed, she knew that he was more to her than all the world besides, that she would rather have him, poor, than anyone else, rich—rather share his sorrows, whatever they might be, than rejoice with another.

"My husband!" she said over and over to herself; and then she added, half afraid of the two sweet words, "My love, my love!" Thinking of him, she fell asleep at last, and slept for awhile very soundly. Meanwhile the evening wore late, and the servants shut up the house and went to bed. It was almost midnight when George Archibald let himself in with his latch-key and went into his study. He did not notice the fire or the neatness, though perhaps a vague sense of comfort may have penetrated to his benumbed senses. He took up Bertha's letter, which lay there still, shaking as one who looks on death.

"Poor girl!" he said. "It was this home she loved and married, not me; and now all is lost, and I can never make it up to her again—never."

And then he bowed his head on his folded arms, and the great black wave of ruin, which had reached him at last, surged over him. It was just then that something awoke Bertha from her deep sleep. She was superstitious—as at heart most women are—and it seemed to her that something stood beside her in the darkness and whispered to her to come.

Noiselessly she descended the stairs and entered the study. She saw the figure there, with the head bent in that awful, passionate stillness—she who had been his housemate, but never his other self. Then the something that had led her down there seemed to lead her on. It was an influence outside herself she always felt. A courage came to her, born of her love, his need—who knew what?

She went up to him, and put her hand on his prostrate head.

"Mr. Archibald!" she said, and then a moment after, "Georgel my husband!"

He started to his feet, and saw her there before him in her white dressing-gown, with her long, soft hair falling about her shoulders.

"You here, Bertha?" he said, and his voice was hoarse with the effort he made to keep it steady. "I thought you were in Newport. How came you here just now?"

"I had a strange, restless night last night," she answered, humbly—for it seemed to her that he was blaming her—"and I could not stay away any longer. I felt that something was the matter at home."

"Ah, it is well you came, perhaps. You must have known the worst soon; and there may be arrangements you will wish to make before this house is closed."

"Closed! George, are you going away? Is it all a failure, our experiment?" she cried, with a curious glitter in her eyes, and a flush which burned like fever on her cheeks.

"Yes, it is a failure," he answered, hardly knowing how sharply he spoke in his bitter pain. "I have failed. You do not know, I suppose, for you are a woman, that New York has been shaken for the last three days with panic. I do not care for myself; but how shall I make it up to you? What shall I give you in exchange for these things for which you gave yourself?"

Bertha sank down at his feet, and laid her humble head upon his knee.

"You cannot give me anything," she said, "unless you love me. If only you loved me,

I should not mind, for I have learned what love means now."

He caught her wrists, and held them so hard that he hurt her.

"Be careful, Bertha Archibald," he said, "that you mean what you say. There are some deceits no man could bear. Do you mean that you love me—love me?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember that June night when you said to me—ah, how fair and cold in the white moonlight you looked when you said it—that if you loved me it would mean that you preferred poverty with me to prosperity with anyone else; that you would like to share my life whatever it might be? You did not feel for me like that then; do you mean that you feel so now?"

"Yes, yes, yes," she whispered; and he smothered the last "yes" on her lips with such a kiss as he had never given her in his life before.

"Bertha," he said, when he raised his head "I am a ruined man."

"No man is ruined," she answered, "who has honor and honesty and good repute and strong hands and—love."

"This home must be given up." "I should hate it if we kept it. It would forever reproach me with the thought that for it I married you; though indeed, George, I do not think I quite knew myself, even then. I can go back and stay with Harry and Maria till you establish yourself again."

"Not if I know it." You have just said that you would like to share my life, whatever it might be; and that is what I propose you shall do. We can pay everything if we give up this house, and have a small surplus left. And then together we will begin again. Do you think I fear anything now, when for the first time I have truly won my wife?"

Early in November the Archibalds were settled in their new home—a little apartment of three rooms, made pretty with the prettiest adornments of their old residence. Here a bird sang in the window, above a fernery, which no doubt he thought would prove to be the land of his nativity, if only he could get down to its bright verdure. Here pictures hung upon the walls, and books filled the many book-cases, and dainty china attested the dainty tastes of Mistress Bertha. Here she gave her husband his morning eggs and coffee, which her own hands prepared. Here she read or sewed, or dreamed like a happy girl the day through, and then waited, eager with welcome, for him to come home at night and take her out to dine. And what gay, bright little dinners they had, trying different restaurants, and going to one place when they felt rich, and another when they felt poor! They were like two happy children together.

Perhaps the love which lightened Archibald's toils made hard tasks easy for him; and then energy and probity have always their own market value. At any rate he succeeded beyond his best expectations, and a few weeks ago he told Bertha he could make a home again for her now, not one so elegant as of old, but a cheery and pleasant abode, where again she could be hospitable hostess and kindly mistress.

#### FALSE FINERY.

Love of beauty is a fine and improving sentiment, but captivity to sham, and a weakness for mere glitter, are very far in the opposite direction. Certain shops in our cities, and nearly all the streets, abound in showy exhibitions of cheap jewelry, now-a-days, and simple girls buy the tawdry things to an extent which is pitiable. The love of display and fondness for dress which are fostered by this false finery, destroy many a young girl's innocence of soul and strength of character. The miss who escapes such vanity by having a sensible mother to teach her better (as in the following instance) is happy indeed:

My attention was called to the subject of "cheap jewelry," by a short conversation I overheard between two school girls, the other day about twelve years of age. One of them was dressed very fashionably, with ruffles and trimmings enough for a lady, long pendants hanging from her ears, and her collar ornamented with a highly-colored brooch; the other child was simply dressed,—her only ornament a bow of plain ribbon under her chin.

"Why don't you wear jewelry, Lizzie?" said the most gayly-dressed of the two. "You would look very pretty with ear-rings, and I never saw you even with a breast-pin on."

"My mother says she does not like to see little girls wear jewelry; and she would not be willing to allow me to waste money in buying it, either," answered Lizzie.

"Nonsense! they don't cost much. I have seven sets; and some of them were only two shillings a set; and half the people would not know but that they are real. I think we ought to look as pretty as we can."

"Mother says," answered Lizzie, quietly, "that it is 'acting a lie' to wear 'make believe things'; and I do not think you would like to have any one of your seven sets spoken of by their right names,—'brass and glass,'—for they are nothing

I meet them oft upon the way.  
Two strong and stalwart men.  
Each in his walk betraying well  
The city's denizen;  
Linked arm in arm, they move along  
Like those of kindred mind,  
Bound by the ties of brotherhood:  
And one of them is blind.

#### BROTHERHOOD.

The favored one the simple scenes  
Upon the way will mark,  
And paint them vividly for him  
To whom the world is dark.  
And beggars not himself at all,  
But doubts his delight,  
By sharing thus his benefits  
With one deprived of sight.

Their heads are gray, and they have walked  
This way for years and years,  
Linked arm in arm; and strangers oft  
Have gazed on them with tears;  
And they have shown throughout their lives,  
As sometimes mortals can,  
The meaning of true brotherhood,  
The angelic side of man.

Amongst the exits from France which the late  
disastrous war has driven to our shores, not the  
least remarkable is the graceful little lady who  
is now holding daily levees in the Burlington  
Gallery.

The Princess Felicie, as her exhibitors have  
christened her, is a genuine dwarf, a real living  
Mignonette. She is, perhaps, the smallest female  
yet exhibited in London, one beside whom Miss  
Minnie Warren would be almost a giantess.

Painted her over to England from her native Prov-  
ence.  
She is now in her ninth year, measures scarce-  
ly nineteen inches in height, and weighs just six  
pounds. She is of perfect symmetry in limb and  
feature, and altogether a pleasing and most  
graciously noticed by the Emperor and Empress  
of the French a very short time before the com-  
mencement of the war.—*English paper.*

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ECCENTRIC, BUT GOOD.

The hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," which is so often sung at the close of the evening service, was composed by the Rev. Dr. Hawker, a clergyman of the English Church. He was such an eccentric man in his charities that his wife found it a difficult matter to keep house.

The good man was always so responsive to appeals of poverty that he never stopped to consider whether he could afford the alms which his charity prompted him to give. Sometimes in winter, while making pastoral calls, he would come across a poor family without sufficient bed-clothes to keep them warm.

Out of the cottage the benevolent man would dart, run home, pull the blankets off his own bed, and hasten, with them over his arm, to the family where they were needed. He was one of the few disciples who interpreted literally, and acted upon their interpretation, the Master's command, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

The doctor's helpfulness made him popular with many pious ladies. They so swarmed around him as to be troublesome.

"I see what it is," he said, in one of his sermons; "you ladies think to reach heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. I will trounce you all; I will wear a spencer" (a short jacket, so called from Lord Spencer, who first wore it).

The doctor's grandson, a precocious lad who lived with him, was in the habit of dabbling with rhymes. Being ignorant of the authorship of his grandfather's favorite hymn, he thought he would "improve" it.

"Grandfather," he said, one morning, as he came into the old gentleman's study, paper in hand, "I don't altogether like that hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing'; I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer."

"Oh, indeed!" answered the old clergyman, growing red; "and pray, sir, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom?"

"This is my improved version," said the boy, and he read his hymn, the first stanza of which is as follows:

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
High and low, and rich and poor,  
May we all, thy favor possessing,  
Go in peace and sin no more!"

"Now listen to the old version, grandfather," and he read that. "This one," he said, as the reading ended, "is crude and flat; don't you think so?"

"Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is mine! I wrote that hymn."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! I did not know that."

It is a very nice hymn, indeed; but—but—and, as he went out of the study door—"mine is better."

In a few days, the doctor carried the grandson to a boarding-school. They arrived in the evening, and the grandfather departed, as soon as he had handed the boy over to the master. The latter, being close-fisted, sent the youth to bed supperless. The lad did not relish that, nor the bed and bed-room in which he slept.

As the master was shaving, on the next morning, he saw his new pupil, with his portmanteau on his back, striding across the lawn, singing at the top of his voice, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing."

"BE YOU A LADY?"

We remember reading somewhere an anecdote of the ludicrous consternation of a poor emigrant laborer, who for the first time heard his employer spoken of as a "gentleman." He had been brought up in England, where his only notion of a gentleman was that of a consequential and peremptory being in good clothes, who swore at and kicked him. The New Haven Register tells the story of a poor boy in that city whose idea of a "lady" was quite as unfortunate; and who came by a happy accident to conclude that there must be two kinds. Perhaps he was right in his conclusion. At any rate the nice girl who gave him his first impression of what a true lady is, deserves all the credit of the story.

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State Street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

The richly-dressed ladies(?) near by held back their silken skirts and whispered quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several who passed by, amused by the boy's look of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side and said in a tone of thorough kindness—

"Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he held to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse torn paper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement and said—

"I hope you haven't far to go." The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare he asked—

"Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant like, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—them as thinks they's ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."

LARGE REVERENCE!

An Englishman, employed in a family living in Cleveland, while dusting in the library, accidentally knocked over a plaster bust of Washington, which, falling to the floor, was broken into a thousand pieces. Shortly after, one of the members of the family found the servant sitting in the midst of the fragments, and crying bitterly, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

"John, what is the matter?"

"O, I accidentally knocked hoyer this bust while dusting, and hit his hall broken to pieces," said John.

"Well, never mind; it didn't cost much."

"Hit his'n the cost him thinking hof, but the disrespect to the man."

A LAWYER AMONG COWS.

Squire Wick, a lawyer who fancies what he don't know is not worth knowing, and whose home is not a thousand miles from the Pine Tree State, was a great favorite with the late Judge Granch. Once visiting the judge, the latter invited him to walk over his farm. Among other places, they visited the barn-yard, and the squire was struck with admiration as he gazed upon the noble herd of cows which had just been driven up for milking.

He talked as elaborately of their good points as would a first-rate stock breeder, when the fact was, he knew next to nothing about stock, and some of the good points which he spoke of caused the judge a hearty laugh—in his sleeve.

"Well," said the judge, "which of the cows will you take?"

"Which will I take, your honor?" said the squire, not knowing the judge's meaning.

"Yes, which will you take? I am going to make you a present of one of them—which shall it be?"

"Really, your honor, this is unexpected; I will not object to the present, but had rather your honor would make the selection, as receivers should not be choosers."

"If you accept this present you must make the selection. Being a good judge of stock, you will not be likely to cheat yourself." And the eccentric judge smiled to himself.

The squire rubbed his gold-bowed spectacles, and began to view the cows with a critic's precision. After much scrutinizing, he said—

"I apprehend, your honor, you would not like to part with that very fat, short-horned, thick-necked cow?"

"I have no choice; make your selection," said the judge, his risibles hardly controllable.

"I don't want to rob you of your favorite cow, but if you have no choice, I should prefer the very fat one; she has many good points."

"No favorite—no robbery at all—the fat cow is yours—my man will drive her to your house."

The delighted squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the "fattest and the best cow in the village," as he styled her, driven into his yard, and dispatched a negro servant to milk her. In a few minutes in came the girl, giggling and laughing. Squire Wick knew something was wrong. There stood Dinah, "round up" with laughter, the empty pail dangling by her side.

"What is the matter, Dinah?" inquired the squire.

"O massa, for nuffin, only—ki ki ki, i i i, he he he e e e!"

The squire looked at his wife—she at him—then both at Dinah, who had settled down by the door, her face covered with her apron, and her laughing machinery shaking her sides at a tremendous rate.

The squire became angry.

"Dinah," said he, at the top of his voice, "tell me what's to pay, or I'll throw you out of the house."

Dinah rose and controlled herself long enough to say—

"O lor, massa, nuffin, only dat cow of yourn's a gemman cow!" and then fell into another fit of laughter.

If you know how a chopfallen man looks, a portrait of Squire Wick's countenance would be superfluous.

VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH.

The inauguration of Queen Victoria has often been described, but the following is new. It is by Lord Broughton, and gives a very pleasant picture of the Princess Victoria as a young girl, and the scene when she took the oath as Queen.

After the Privy Council had named her as successor to his late majesty, the Princess was admitted to the council chamber:

Soon after she was seated Lord Melbourne stepped forward and presented her with a paper, from which she read her declaration. She went through this difficult task with the utmost grace and propriety; neither too timid nor too assured. Her voice was rather subdued, but not faltering, pronouncing all the words clearly, and seeming to feel the sense of what she spoke. Every one appeared touched by her manner, particularly the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne. I saw some tears in the eyes of the latter. The only person who was rather more curious than affected was Lord Lyndhurst, who looked over her Majesty's right shoulder as she was reading, as if to see that she read all that was set down for her. After reading the declaration her Majesty took the usual oath, which was administered to her by Mr. Charles Greville, clerk of the council, who, by the way, let the Prayer Book drop. The Queen then subscribed the oath, and a duplicate of it for Scotland. She was designated in the beginning of the oath "Alexandrina Victoria," but she signed herself "Victoria R." Her handwriting was good. Several of the council, Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington, came to look at the signature, as if to discover what her accomplishments in that department were.

— Mistress of the house (to new nursery-maid, whom she finds deeply absorbed in a dime novel): "Why, Annie, you can't read and mind the baby at the same time!"

"Begging your parding, mum, the child doesn't disturb me a bit!"

— "The Modern Bartender's Guide" has just been issued by a New York publisher. The modern bartender doesn't need a guide so badly as the modern young man who patronizes the bar. A police officer too often acts in that capacity.—*Norristown Herald.*

— "What dreadful times these are," said Croaker. "They are far worse than they were when I was a boy." "I think you are right," said his friend, "for I remember hearing my grandfather say that he frequently heard his father say the same thing."

THE SEA LION'S HOME.

All through the Pacific Ocean, among the great reefs along the coast, live the great seals, or sea lions. From Mexico to the North Sea, one may find them, but only among the reefs do they live continually, and one of the most remarkable of these lies off the coast of Oregon, between Port Orford and Cape Blanco. Orford Reef consists of seven large rocks, some conical, others flat-topped, and fifteen or twenty smaller ones, only visible at low tide.

Now come with me, on a summer's morning, when, save for the long swell, the sea is glassy and motionless. Half a mile from the reef, you hear the low rumble of their voices, and drawing nearer, find our friends "at home," the females each with her "pup," as the baby lions are called, and the males watching over them.

And what tremendous creatures those old fellows are! They wind and twist through the water, lifting heads and shoulders from it at times. On land, or rather on rock, they are clumsy enough, but still move with surprising speed, using their thick, muscular tails as propellers. All around the reef are immense beds of kelp or seaweed, swarming with fish, and into these the sea lions dive at will, coming up with great fish, which are crunched up in one mouthful.

Landing will be a troublesome matter. One must leap to the slippery rock as the boat rises on the swell, and more than likely you will land on all fours. How the great, shining black fellows roar and show their teeth, and the little ones yelp, as if, like the Chinese, they imagined you would run, if yelled at.

Shots from the guns will send the old ones into the water, but the little fellows, with their brown hair and soft, dark eyes, keep their places, not yet able to swim easily. You will hardly care to stay more than long enough to look about, for these are not pleasant neighbors, and after one more look at the huge creatures, you will be ready to leap back to the boat, and row to the other side of the reef, where are found a more peaceable set, the sea otters. Like the sea lion, these animals have a thick, muscular tail, but their fore paws can grasp and hold their prey, while those of the sea lion are only "flippers," adapted to swimming, alone.

The skin of the sea otter is very valuable, often bringing fifty dollars and more, but hunting them is such dangerous work, but few engage in it. One old man has spent his life in this way, learning their habits, and often rowing all day, through surf and breakers, about shoals and sunken rocks, for the sake of one skin.

Here is a little bit of his story, told in his own way, and when you have read it, you may call for "more."

"Why, I really believe that them otters has human sense. I've seen 'em dive down, catch a crab, come up to the surface and fasten themselves to a piece of kelp; then take the crab in their paws, and leisurely eat it, giving the best parts to the pup—for the female has but one whelp at a time.

"Then after supper they would commence to play with their little ones. Catching 'em suddenly, they would throw them away from 'em and dive. Up comes Mr. Pup and squeals like mad, and the mother, she goes down. By-and-by she comes up, swims around him, dodges in and out the kelp, and finally lets the little fellow to her breast. They suckles them, otters does, like cows. I tasted the milk onest myself, but it was awful salty.

"When they swim, too, they take the pups on their breast, and swim on their back, keeping the little fellows' heads out of water. They love them a heap, too. Why, I shot an otter onest that had a dead pup, and she had been lugging that pup for a week, sure, for it was all blue, and thin as could be. I suppose it was sick, and she lugged it around, and after it died she kept on lugging it.

"I have killed the mother, sometimes, with a pup in her arms, and the little fellow would swim after the boat and cry so consarnedly pitiful, that I almost hated myself for killing the old one. They're growing sca'ce, too, now. I've got 'em all named—the old ones—and don't mean to kill any more till the pups be growed."

NOT A PROFITABLE "FIND."

Stealing ought to bring small pay. If it always did, as in this instance, there would be less property dishonestly "found," in hope of a reward:

A New York lad recently found a valuable Newfoundland dog—at least, he says he found it—and took it home with him, well knowing that a liberal reward would be offered by the owner. Next day the wily boy scanned the papers closely, and found the new-found dog described to a hair, the advertisement winding up with the offer of a handsome reward upon the animal being delivered up. The finder walked three miles to return the animal, and then awaited the reward, which proved to be a new five cent piece, the owner remarking, as he tendered the legal tender, that it was certainly a very handsome reward. The young chap has given up finding dogs, because, he says, it don't pay.

*Handwritten notes in the right margin:*  
Climbing up the golden stairs  
Ammon's problem  
Still the green  
If you want to get to heaven, you must let the train absorb you  
Ah! how those darnies sing  
Dinner

*Handwritten notes in the left margin:*  
I meet them off upon the way.  
The favored one the simple scenes  
Upon the way will find for him  
Their heads are gray, and they have walked  
This way and that way  
I linked arm in arm; and strangers of  
Amongst the exiles from France which the late  
disastrous war has driven to our shores, not the  
least remarkable is the graceful little lady who  
is now holding daily lectures in the Burlington  
Place



[Written for the Inquirer and Mirror.]  
RING ON, OH ISLAND BELLS!

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

[Suggested by remarks in a letter from a Nantucket friend; written while the Sabbath evening bells were ringing.]

Ring, island bells! from northern tower,  
From lowlier, western steeple, ring!  
And thou of wondrous tone and power,  
From foreign shore, thy music bring!  
And, with a joyous melody,—  
O bell at "Soonset by the sea,"  
Ring out, ring out the Sabbath call!  
Ring, island bells! Ring, one and all!

Ring! ring to call the people forth!  
Toll! toll! the preachers now to warn;—  
They answer not who from the earth  
Are sped, and may no more return.  
Yet, hark! as still o'er plain and sea  
Your music floats—sweet melody!  
Methinks that angel pinions rest  
Above the island loved the best.

Ring out, oh bells of childhood! tell  
The story of the vanished days;  
The cadences in rhythmic swell  
Are full of joy, are full of praise,  
And calls to fellowship and prayer;  
And voices mingle with them there,  
That sound with us on earth no more,  
But echo from the farther shore.

Ring out, oh bells of earlier days!  
When cares were few, and hopes were young,  
When lofty thoughts and simple ways  
Kept time with tunes by old bells rung.  
Ring out with loud, reproving sound,  
'Gainst every sham the world around;  
And with a sweet and clarion peal  
Proclaim the banns of truth and weal.

Ring on, oh bells of days gone by!  
Your melodies have holy power  
To wake the echoes from the sky  
For thoughtful souls at twilight hour.  
Ring on, and call the willing feet  
To tread the aisles for worship meet;  
And though I bide, at Duty's call,  
In home's sweet rest, I hail you all.

Now far and near the echoes float  
Of these sweet Sabbath evening bells,  
And loud and clear th' angelic note  
Which to my heart their music tells.  
They bring the distant and the dead  
Close to my side, and round me shed  
The sweet aroma of the hour  
When life was new, and youth my dower.

O bells! sweet bells! shall I be sad?  
Or shall my spirit grateful be?  
Or shall I, with strong hope, be glad  
That nothing dies eternally?  
That hope revives, that youth returns,  
That love's pure altar fire still burns,  
And cherished voices, silent long,  
Will sing again the echoing song.

Ring on, oh island bells! ring on!  
Your music speeds far o'er the sea.  
Their memories hold it who have gone,  
It lingers ever here with me.  
And when the night in silence waits,  
And stars move on toward morning's gates,  
I, wakeful, feel your music still;  
Through all my soul sweet memories thrill.

Then, hushed in worship, solemn, high,  
The still, small voice, my soul within,  
Shall whisper: "Immortality!  
There is no death for aught but sin."  
O bells of gladness! bells of cheer!  
Ring out, each Sabbath, loud and clear!  
And sound afar, in every tone,  
That Love and Law and Life are One!

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

When Jack is tall and twenty  
We know what Jack will do,  
With girls so sweet and plenty,  
He'll find him one to woo.  
And soon the lovers' twilight  
Will hear a story told,  
And Jack will die or fly sky high  
For sake of hair of gold.  
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—  
Ponder what I say!  
'Tis fools are sold for locks of gold,  
For gold will turn to gray.

But Jack, if truth be spoken,  
Is simple Jack no more;  
If gold his heart has broken,  
'Tis scarce the gold of yore.  
He wots of dower for daughters  
Not all in ringlets rolled;  
To beauty steel'd, his heart will yield  
To stamped and minted gold.  
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—  
Ponder what I say!  
If gold hath wing, as poets sing,  
Then gold may fleet away.

When Jack goes forth a-wooing,  
If Jack has heart or head,  
And would not soon be rueing  
The hour that saw him wed.  
He will not pine for graces,  
Nor cringe for wealth to hold,  
But strive and dare by service fair  
To win a heart of gold.  
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—  
Ponder what I say!  
The gear will fly, the bloom will die,  
But love will last for aye.

—Good Words.

THE OLD BARN.

BY J. L. ENO.

O, the old red barn at 'Soonset!  
Long and roomy, dim and high,  
With its gray eaves all a-dripping  
As the storm-clouds scudded by.  
What a perfect Eldorado  
To us merry romping boys,  
Caged by Autumn's rainy weather,  
Banished from the house for noise.

How the door creaked as it opened,  
And its pond'rous weight swung back;  
How we ducked to dodge the eave-drops,  
Fred and Noll and Hal and Jack!  
How we laughed as Sultan Brahma  
And his dragged harem fled  
To the more sequestered shelter  
Of the nearest wagon-shed.

How the horses whinnied welcome,  
Snuffing for expected treat,  
Reaching necks across the mangers,  
Stamping with impatient feet.  
How we slid across the flooring  
To an undulating line  
Of white horns and honest faces,  
Sober oxen, lowing kine.

How we searched along the fringes  
Of the great mows, swinging low,  
For the choicest wisps of clover  
'Soonset meadows used to grow;  
And the long tongues stretching, licking,  
Ever kind, but rough as sand,  
Caught away the dainty morsel  
From the teasing, sunburned hand.

Such a hunt for stolen hens' nests,  
Under manger, box and board,  
Queer, unthought-of, dingy corners  
Yielding oft a precious hoard.  
Sometimes up among the grain-sheaves—  
Mouset-smelling rye and oats—  
Scrambling, rolling, climbing, leaping,  
Nimble as young mountain goats.

Then to lie among the grasses  
On the mammoth, well-filled bay,  
Peeping through a chink at martins  
Gathering for their flight away.  
And so real seemed the stories  
Read or talked of by the hour,  
That swift raindrops oft seemed arrows,  
And the hay-loft castle-tower.

O, the wondrous things we thought of,  
Lying on that fragrant bed,  
With the rain-drops softly chiming  
On the shingles overhead;  
And the doves all cooing, cooing,  
In the eaves along the beams,  
Till we all went off together  
To a land of happy dreams.

Even now, when storm-clouds gather,  
And no resting-place I find  
From the vexing cares and questions,  
Seething through my troubled mind;  
Back my weary soul goes fleeing,  
O'er Time's tangled, by-gone ways,  
To the old red barn at 'Soonset,  
And its dreamy rainy days.

—Fashion Magazine.

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Steps

ONE LESS AT HOME.

One less at home!  
The charmed circle broken—a dear face  
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;  
But, cleansed and saved, and perfected by grace,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore  
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore  
Where parting comes not, one soul landed more—  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;  
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;  
And far away, our coming to await,  
One more in heaven!

One less at home!  
Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would rise  
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our eyes;  
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the skies—  
One more in heaven!

One more at home!  
This is not home, where cramped in earthly mould  
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;  
But there, where face to face we shall behold,  
Is home and heaven!

One less on earth!  
Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;  
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;  
One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear,  
At home in heaven!

One more in heaven!  
Another thought to brighten cloudy days,  
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,  
Another link on high our souls to raise  
To home and heaven!

One more at home—  
That home where separation cannot be,  
That home whence none are missed eternally.  
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,  
At home in heaven.

—S. G. Stock.

Please  
You know. I. C. G.  
You know I. C. G.  
I. W. G. W.  
Hannie Lwain  
Harry Anna Lwain  
Hannie S. Lwain.  
Great Point Light  
Nantucket  
Hace

The Legend of the Tear-Pitcher.  
There is an old German legend that when a child dies it follows the angel, bearing the mother's tears in a pitcher, to be preserved in Heaven. It is this beautiful idea of the legend which the artist has so finely portrayed, and the picture needs no further explanation.

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ONLY A DOG.

"Only a dog." You wonder why  
I grieve so much to see him die.  
Ah! if you knew  
How true a friend a dog can be,  
And what a friend he was to me,  
When friends were few!

"Only a dog—a beast," you sneer;  
"Not worthy of a sigh or tear."  
Speak not to me  
Such falsehood of my poor dumb friend  
While I have language to defend  
His memory.

Through ups and downs, through thick and thin,  
My boon companion he has been  
For years and years.  
He journeyed with me miles and miles;  
I gave him frowns, I gave him smiles,  
And now, sad tears.

Before my children came, his white  
Soft head was pillowed every night  
Upon my breast.  
So let him lie just one time more  
Upon my bosom as before,  
And take his rest.

And when a tenderer love awoke,  
The first sweet word my baby spoke  
Was "M-a-t." Poor Mat!  
Could I no other reason tell,  
My mother heart would love you well  
For only that.

Together boy and dog have laid  
Upon my lap; together played  
Around my feet,  
Till laugh and bark together grew  
So much alike, I scarcely knew  
Which was most sweet.

Ah! go away and let me cry,  
For now you know the reason why  
I loved him so.  
Leave me alone to close his eyes,  
That looked so wistful and so wise,  
Trying to know.

At garden gate or open door  
You'll run to welcome me no more,  
Dear little friend.  
You were so kind, so good and true,  
I question, looking down at you,  
Is this the end?

Is there for you no "other side?"  
No home beyond Death's chilly tide  
And heavy fog,  
Where meekness and fidelity  
Will meet reward, although you be  
Only a dog?

"He has no soul." How know you that  
What have we now that had not Mat,  
Save idle speech?  
If from the Bible I can read  
Him soulless, then I own no creed  
The preachers preach.

My dog had love, and faith and joy—  
As much as had my baby boy—  
Intelligence;  
Could smell, see, hear, and suffer pain.  
What makes a soul if these are vain?  
When I go hence,

'Tis my belief my dog will be  
Among the first to welcome me.  
Believing that,  
I keep his collar and his bell,  
And do not say to him farewell,  
But good-by, Mat,  
Dear, faithful Mat.

—Pearl Rivers, in New Orleans Picayune.

For the Inquirer and Mirror.  
THE TEACHER.

With eyes demure and face severe,  
With mien the pupils all revere,  
The maiden teaches school;  
Precision's robes to her adhere,  
Belted by rigid rule.

Hor, all the pupils venerate,  
And sit before with tho'ts sedate  
Of love and quiet fear,  
Thinking her one above their state,  
Distant, indeed, though near.

They think of her, not as a life  
Full of love's joy and sorrow's strife,  
And prone like them to fall;  
"Teacher" she is, with strictures rife,  
"Teacher," and that is all.

Yet often, through the heated school,  
She feels the breath of ocean cool,  
Which seems on wings to roam  
To her, from some remembered pool  
Within her island home.

Above the hum of boys and girls,  
She hears the white surf as its curls  
In rage upon the sand,  
And, in deep tones of thunder, hurls  
Defiance to the land.

Instead of desks, before her eyes  
She sees the billows fall and rise  
Around a yacht's fair crew,  
And watches each wave as it flies  
Far off beyond her view.

She sees the cliff, the bluff, the street,  
Where oft had trod her eager feet  
In pleasure's joyous dance;  
The sheltered beach, where fond hearts meet  
Beneath the moonbeam's glance.

She sees them all; the old sights creep  
Around her, and her senses steep  
In memory's bright gleam;  
A shout—"The teacher's fast asleep!"  
Recalls her from her dream.

GLENGARRY.

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THE TEA KETTLE.

BY J. S. CORNWELL.

Here like a brooding goose I sit,  
Watched over by the gander.  
With nest of coals instead of eggs,  
A patient salamander!  
In the quaint urn that bubbles near,  
Well charged with fragrant Hyson,  
Is brewed the cup to granddames dear,  
King George put such a price on.

Let others sing the Arab bean  
That leaves the brain so murky;  
It well may do for dull Hindu  
Or torpid sons of Turkey.  
Nectarian they may think it still,  
Their taste I call in question;  
I know it serves to spoil the nerves  
And undermine digestion.

What woes, alas! are brought to pass  
By social dissipation—  
The fiery punch, the midnight lunch,  
The morning agitation!  
How grateful then the generous bowl  
That comes with hope and healing;  
That lifts to life the aching soul  
And warms with fellow feeling!

Half frozen on his icy throne—  
The Czar of all the Russias,  
I've heard him say, twelve times a day,  
He quaffs it with his ushers!  
And good Queen Vic., when'er she's sick,  
And headaches hold her too long,  
Declines her customary port,  
With, "Brown, a cup of Oolong!"

Thus prince and pauper well agree  
To laud with equal praises  
The sacred herb of Con-fu-tze,  
That cheers but never crazes.  
When'er all evening firelight glows,  
The steam with music blending,  
I still keep singing through my nose  
My supper song unending!

—Traveller's Record.

Love

Time  
Love

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Orange

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

The following lines were written  
Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church,  
answer to a question once put to  
"Are you a Mason?" and which was  
lished in the Masonic Review. By  
members of the Mystic Tie we put  
that they may possess it:

REPLY TO THE QUESTION.

I am one of a band  
Who will faithfully stand  
In the bonds of affection and  
I have knocked at a door  
Once wretched and poor,  
And there for admission I stood.

By the help of a friend,  
Who assistance did lend,  
I succeeded an entrance to get  
Was received in the West  
By command from the East  
But not without feeling some

Here my conscience was taunted  
By a moral quite fraught  
With sentiments holy and true  
Then onward I travelled  
To have it unravelled  
What Hiram intended to do.

Very soon in the East  
I made known my request,  
And light by command did attend  
When lo! I perceived,  
In due form revealed,  
A Master and Brother and Friend.

Thus far have I stated  
And simply related,  
What happened when I was made  
But I've passed since then,  
And was raised again  
To a sublime and distant degree.

Then onward I marched,  
That I might be 'Arched,'  
And find out those treasures long  
When behold! a bright flame  
From the midst of which came  
A voice, which my ears did acc

Through the 'vails' I then went  
And succeeded at length  
The 'Sanctum Sanctorum' to find  
By the 'Signet' I gained,  
And quickly obtained  
Employment that suited my mind.

Having thus far arrived,  
I further contrived  
Among valiant Knights to appear  
And as Pilgrim and Knight,  
I stood ready to fight,  
Nor Saracen foe did I fear.

For the widow distressed  
There's a chord in my breast;  
For the helpless and orphan I feel  
And my sword I could draw,  
To maintain the pure law  
Which the duty of Masons reveal.

Thus have I revealed,  
(Yet wisely concealed,)  
What the "free and accepted" we  
I am one of a band  
Who will faithfully stand  
By a brother, wherever I go.



YOU A MASON ?

lines were written by the Rev. Mr. St. Paul's Church, Peru, Illinois, in tion once put to him by a lady, n?" and which was originally pub- nistic Tie we publish it in order cess it:

Y TO THE QUESTION.

of a band faithfully stand is of affection and love; looked at a door ched and poor, for admission I stood.

lp of a friend, tance did lend, an entrance to gain; ved in the West and from the East, about feeling some pain.

onscience was taught quite fraught ents holy and true; and I travelled unravell'd intended to do, in the East own my request, command did attend; perceived, a revealed, Brother and Friend.

ve I stated related, ed when I was made free; sed since then, sed again and distant degree, and I marched, t be "Arched," hose treasures long lost; d: a bright flame, d of which came n my ears did accost.

'vails' I then went, ed at length Sanctorum' to find et' I gained, obtained hat suited my mind.

far arrived, trived Knights to appear; im and Knight, to fight, e did I fear.

w distressed rd in my breast; s and orphan I feel; d I could draw, the pure law of Masons reveal.

revealed, ncealed,) and accepted" well know, band fully stand hereever I go.

A WASTE OF BREATH.

"Pray, madam, what is your age?" he said, As he stood at the open door; But she neither answered nor raised her head, Still gazing down at the floor.

"How old are you?" said the census man, With his pencil and book in hand; "Come, tell me as promptly as ever you can, In answer to my demand."

Then she raised her eyes and looked in his face, With a cold, repellent stare. "I see," said he, "'tis a difficult case," As he reached for a vacant chair.

Then she waved him off with a withering look, Though she still declined to speak. "Now, I'll have your age, by hook or by crook, If I have to sit here for a week.

"You don't seem to realize, ma'am, who I am; I'm the State Enumerator; I'm the same as a Marshal of Uncle Sam, And my power is as great, or greater.

If you meet me with nonsense, and sauce and cheek, I've authority even to shake you, And if you are sullen, refusing to speak, The law has empowered me to make you.

I may even arrest and commit you to jail, So, madam, I give you full warning." The woman seemed neither to tremble nor quail, But another voice called out "Good morning!"

"O yes, sir—I see,—you're the new census man, I thought 'twas time for you to come, And here you've been lecturing dear sister Ann; Why, bless you, sir, she's deaf and dumb!"

A CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, please sir, are you not the man That takes up little boys, When they are doing what they oughtn't to Or making too much noise? I know you by that thing you wear That shines so in the sun, And your great big yellow buttons— I just wish you'd give me one!

But wait—that isn't what I want. Do you know Tommy, sir? He has blue eyes, and tumbled hair, And a cap that's made of fur. You see I'm mad at Tommy— As mad as I can be; And won't you please to find him, sir, And take him up for me?

And put him in that place, you know Where it's all dark and dim, And keep him there a long, long time, 'Cause I'm so mad at him! You'll know him by the little dent He has, right in his chin. And the funny sparkles in his eyes, When he keeps the laughter in.

He's very freckled, Tommy is, But then his cheeks are pink, And if he has got reddish hair, It's beautiful, I think, And he is always good to me— 'Most always, anyway, And if he hadn't been so mean And cross to me to-day,

I think—Oh, there he is, right now, There, on the corner, sir! I guess he wants me, by the way He's nodding so at me. Good bye!—Oh, yes!—I quite forgot— Poor Tom! he looks so blue! I guess I will forgive him, just This once, sir, wouldn't you?

—Margaret Johnson, in Youth's Companion.

BE WHAT YOU ARE.

H. E. RANDAEL.

I. Whatever may be the attractions That art to your person can lend, Remember that people will find you To be but yourself in the end.

II. If wanting in beauty of person, Don't think to supply it by pelf; Although you may greatly correct it, You'll never be aught but yourself.

III. Or if you should lack education, Don't boast what you can't comprehend; Let all see your true situation, And be but yourself in the end.

IV. Then do not endeavor to be more, Or know more than God has designed; 'Twill only increase your annoyance, And show the true state of your mind.

V. Whatever may be your position, You'll never advance very far, If, slighting your present condition, You strive to be more than you are.

VI. You may, it is true, by deception, Gain a short season of trust; But, sooner or later, you'll find that The season will end in disgust.

VII. Be on the alert for improvement, And if you advance very far, You'll find that you're always respected For being just what you are.

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THE BABY'S PRAYER

With her sweet hands folded,  
Her little head bowed low;  
And vines tapped at the window  
The air was filled with snow.  
Earth dumb with winter;  
Hearts dumb with care;  
Through the hush of silence  
Softly the baby's prayer.  
Whom I love, dear Father,  
Be good to me, she said,  
Led by a sudden fancy,  
And the shining head.  
Watch on the frozen maple  
Out of the April green,  
Death of the woodland blossoms,  
Its of the snow between?  
Beautiful trees," she whispered,  
The orioles used to sing;  
Sired of the cold, cold winter,  
Them to grow in the spring;  
owers that I loved to gather,  
ing them again in May,  
Little violets, sleeping  
Deep in the ground to-day."  
may be chill with snow-flakes,  
arts may be cold with care,  
s of a frozen silence  
ded by the baby's prayer;  
hat are dumb with sorrow  
nt hopes may sing,  
earth is wrapped in winter  
eart of the Lord 'tis spring.

WHY GIRLS WILL WED.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

She rose at the early daybreak,  
With a sick and aching head,  
And she said—the cross little woman—  
"I wonder why girls will wed?  
They wouldn't, I am sure, if they reckoned  
The things that a wife must bear,  
The never-done work of a household,  
The never-done mother care.  
"Six-dozen pieces to wash to-day,  
And the children must go to school,  
And every one knows on washing-days  
Baby is cross, as a rule;  
And Bridget is not to work yet,  
(Oh, dear, how my head does ache!)  
Yet I shall have the dinner to cook,  
And all the beds to make."  
But as soon as the breakfast was ready,  
Father came in from the yard;  
He kissed the sick little mother,  
"Was sure that the work was hard."  
He said to the noisy boys: "Be still!  
Your mother's not well to-day,"  
And when he bade her good-bye,  
"He could kiss the pain away."  
And the coffee or kiss—which was it?  
Healed like a magical charm!  
The spirit of diligent gladness  
Was everywhere on the farm.  
The father worked hard at the ploughing,  
The mother forgot her pain,  
Bridget did well with the washing,  
There wasn't a drop of rain.  
The baking and cleaning were over  
When the boys came home from school;  
Baby forgot it was washing-day,  
And pleasantly broke his rule;  
And at night the house was clean and bright—  
There was not a thing amiss;  
"Tis only a wife," the father thought,  
"Would do so much for a kiss."  
And the wife, sitting down in the firelight,  
The baby asleep at her side,  
Her husband chatting and watching her  
With a husband's loving pride,  
Thought much of her full and pleasant home,  
Of her children asleep in bed,  
And said, with a sweet, contented laugh,  
"No wonder that girls will wed!"

"AN UNKNOWN MAN RESPECTABLY DRESSED."

BY THE LATE HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.")

"An unknown man, respectfully dressed,"  
That was all that the record said;  
Wondering pity might guess the rest;  
One thing was sure—the man was dead.  
And dead because he'd no heart to live;  
His courage had faltered and failed the test;  
How little the all we now can give,  
A nameless sod to cover his breast!  
"Respectably dressed," the thoughtless read  
The sentence over, and idly say,  
"What was it, then, since it was not need,  
Which made him thus fling his life away?"  
"Respectably dressed!" How little they know  
Who never have been for money pressed,  
What it costs respectable poor to go,  
Day after day respectfully dressed!"  
The beggars on sidewalks suffer less;  
They herd all together, clan and clan;  
Alike and equal in wretchedness,  
No room for pride between man and man.  
Nothing to lose by rags or by dirt,  
More often something is gained instead;  
Nothing to fear but bodily hurt,  
Nothing to hope for save daily bread.  
But respectable poor have all to lose;  
For the world to know, mean loss and shame;  
They'd rather die if they had to choose;  
They cling as for life to place and name.  
Cling, and pretend, and conceal and hide;  
Never an hour but its terror bears;  
Terror which slinks like guilt to one side,  
And often a guiltier countenance wears.  
"Respectably dressed" to the last; ay, last!  
Last dollar, last crust, last proud pulse beat;  
Starved body, starved soul, hope dead and past;  
What wonder that any death looks sweet!  
"An unknown man, respectfully dressed,"  
That was all that the record said.  
When will the question let us rest,  
Is it fruit of ours that the man was dead?  
New York Independent.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low,  
And there is stillness everywhere;  
Like troubled spirits, here and there  
The firelight shadows fluttering go.  
And as the shadows round me creep,  
A childish treble breaks the gloom,  
And softly from the further room  
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
And, somehow, with that little prayer  
And that sweet treble in my ears,  
My thought goes back to distant years  
And lingers with that dear one there;  
And as I hear the child's amen,  
My mother's faith comes back to me:  
Crouched at her side I seem to be,  
And mother holds my hands again.  
Oh, for an hour in that dear place—  
Oh, for the peace in that dear time,  
Oh, for a childish trust sublime.  
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!  
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,  
I do not seem to be alone—  
Sweet magic of that treble tone  
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

Brant Point Light

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Carte Blanche  
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# To Make a Happy Home.

1. Learn to govern yourself and be gentle and patient.
2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and soften them by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.
3. Never speak or act in anger, until you have prayed over your words or acts and concluded that Christ would have done so in your place.
4. Remember that valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.
5. Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.
6. Never retort a sharp or angry word that makes the quarrel.
7. Beware of the first disagreement.
8. Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.
9. Learn to say kind and pleasant things when opportunity offers.
10. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles however small.
11. Do not neglect little things if they can effect the comfort of others in the smallest degree.
12. Avoid moods, and pets, and sulkiness.
13. Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.
14. Beware of meddlers and talebearers.
15. Never charge a bad motive if a good one's conceivable.
16. Be gentle and firm with children.
17. Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.
18. Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.
19. Do not furnish them with much spending money.

## TO THE FRIGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,—  
Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple drest,  
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.  
Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near its end.  
Then dost thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.  
I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

—Bryant.

## THE S. S.

I.  
If the world seems cold to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from view  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"  
II.  
If the world's a wilderness,  
Go build houses in it!  
Will it help your loneliness  
On the winds to din it?  
Raise a hut, however slight,  
Weeds and brambles smother,  
And to roof and meal invite  
Some forlorn brother.

III.  
If the world's a vale of tears,  
Smile till rainbows span it;  
Breathe the love that life endears,  
Clear of clouds to span it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream  
Blends with Hope's bright river.

## BIDE A WEE

Is the road v  
Patie  
Rest will be sweeter if  
And after night cometh  
Then bide a w  
The clouds ha  
Don't  
And though he's hidden  
Courage instead of tears  
Just bide a we  
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Art bes  
Bethink thee how the sto  
Snap the stiff oak, but sp  
And bide a wee  
Grief sharper s  
From re  
But yesterday is gone, an  
Unfit us for the present ay  
Nay; bide a wee  
An over-anxione  
Doth beg  
A host of fears and fantasi  
Then, brothers, lest these  
Just bide a wee a

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AND DINNA FRET.

ry dreary?  
ce yet!  
thou art weary,  
the morning cheery,  
ee and dinna fret.  
ve silver lining,  
forget;  
still the sun is shining;  
and vain repining,  
and dinna fret.  
ares unending  
et?  
rms from heaven descending  
are the willow bending,  
and dinna fret.  
ing both borrow  
gret;  
d shall its sorrow  
d the morrow?  
and dinna fret.  
brooding  
et  
es deluding;  
orments be intruding,  
and dinna fret.  
-Every Other Saturday.

THE LOST STEAMER.

BY EMILY SHAW FORMAN.

No more the Violets lift their wondering eyes;  
No more the Columbine alert and gay,  
Tosses her graceful head in airy play;  
No more the Mayflower plans her sweet surprise,  
No "hide and seek" now with Linnaea shy,  
No "hunt the lady's slipper" in the wood,  
No glad "I spy" in merry Autumn mood,  
With blue-eyed Gentian. Low and still they lie,  
The pretty darlings, tired of summer play,  
Cradled upon their nurse's ample breast,  
The brown old Earth who hushes them to rest  
With tales of gnome and dryad, nymph and fay,  
While mother Nature comes in love to throw  
O'er all the soft white mantle of the snow.  
-Lippincott's for January.

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[From the recent Volume of Poems by the Hon. George Lunt.]

Majestic on the wave,  
Behold the ocean-empress rides!  
The sea beneath, her willing slave,  
His crested tides divides.  
Dashed from her breast she heaves  
Aloft the quelled and trampled foam,  
The glorious track behind her leaves—  
Speed her, ye waters, home.

Ah, gently, cruel, main!  
The freighted treasures gently bear  
Voices thou hast like summer rain,  
Or virgin's murmured prayer.  
From out thy cave, O sea!  
Breathe it, in music's sweetest sound,  
Toned to their hearts' true harmony,  
The glad, the homeward-bound.

Joy! joy! the glooming mist  
See, how she cleaves with landward bow!  
Coily the billows lightly pressed  
Leap from her arrowy prow.  
Joy beams in woman's eye,  
Joy laughs in childhood's mirth,  
And manly hearts give fond reply,  
For thee, O mother earth.

Sovereign o'er vanquished fear,  
The lord of mortal pride and power,  
Man in his glorious strength is here,  
This is his triumph's hour.  
Hark—hark—what shock of dread  
Has clutched his heart and blanched his brow!  
Stern as the bolt of fate it sped—  
O man! what art thou now?

Thou saidst "a king" thou wast,  
On ocean's stormy throne;  
Now, he is wild and fierce and vast,  
Thou powerless and alone.  
Lo, with resistless grasp  
This wide relentless sea  
Holds like a toy in icy clasp  
Thy shattered barque and thee.

God rules upon the deep;  
There He alone is king—  
The wild, wild waves that o'er thee sweep,  
Perpetual dirges sing.  
Woe! woe! a thousand homes  
Their cheerful coming wait in vain;  
While far and wide above them glooms  
The desert of the main.

A History Lesson.

"Say, ma, what is this holiday?"  
I heard a small girl ask;  
The mother laid her work away,  
And braced up for the task.

"Why, Mary, darling, don't you know?  
Your memory's gone astray;  
I told you all this, long ago—  
George Washington's birthday."

"And who's George Washington? What for?"  
"The Father of the Nation,  
And first in peace, and first in war—  
That's why this celebration."

"And what is Peace, and what is War?"  
I don't know one from t'other;  
And George is Nation's pa! O Lor!  
Say, who was Nation's mother?"

"Why, nation means all of us, child,  
All in this country, rather;  
Oh dear! your questions drive me wild!  
Old England was her mother."

"And what's war?" "This nation tried to go,  
And England tried to make her  
Stay"—"Yes, oh yes, ma, now I know—  
George wouldn't let her take her!"

"Nation's ma whipped her and she cried,  
And went to live with papa,  
The same as if her ma had died,  
Like little Susie Harper."

el Hinselow

Nantucket.

Hace.

Sarah H Swain

Nantucket

P.O. Box 306 Hace

Mary B. Hinselow

Nantucket.

P.O. Box 214. Hace

Chas

Billie Clarke.

William Clarke.

Town crier.

Town Nantucket

Nantucket Co.

Hace.

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# CHILDREN OF THE RICH AND POOR CONTRASTED.

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
And tender flesh which fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares—  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares;  
And soft, white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;  
King of two hands he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it,  
A fellow feeling that is sure  
To make an outcast bless his door;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,  
Are equal in the earth at last,  
Both children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By records of a well-fill'd past;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

## THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing  
With roses in every plot;  
There's never a heart so hardened  
But it has one tender spot;  
We have only to prune the border  
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant  
But has bitter with the sweet;  
There's never a path so rugged  
That bears not the prints of feet;  
And we have a helper promised  
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises  
But we know 't will set at night;  
The tints that gleam in the morning,  
At evening are just as bright;  
And the hour that is the sweetest  
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy  
But the waking makes us sad;  
There's never a dream of sorrow  
But the waking makes us glad;  
We shall look some day with wonder  
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow  
But the entrance is made straight;  
There's always a guide to point us  
To the "little wicket gate;"  
And the angels will be nearer  
To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty  
But will some day bow and kneel;  
There's never a heart so wounded  
That the Saviour cannot heal;  
There's many a lowly forehead  
That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny  
But a little cloud appears;  
There's never a life so happy  
But has had its time of tears;  
Yet the sun shines out the brighter  
When the stormy tempest clears.

## ONLY A BOY.

I am only a boy, with a heart light and free,  
I am brimming with mischief and frolic and glee;  
I dance with delight, and whistle and sing,  
And you think such a boy never cares for a thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly they seem;  
Their thoughts can go further than most people deem;  
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,  
And each has his feelings, though only a boy.

Now, oft when I've worked hard at piling up wood,  
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,  
I think I might then have a rest or a play;  
But how shall I manage? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is, "Keep off the street!"  
If I go to the house, it is, "Mercy! what feet!"  
If I take me a seat, 'tis, "Here! give me that chair!"  
If I lounge by a window, 'tis "Don't loiter there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis "Don't bother me!"  
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!"  
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,  
Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play,  
At home or in church I am so in the way.  
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame—  
And most any boy, too, will say just the same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as a man;  
But we'll try to do right just as hard as we can.  
Have patience, dear people, though oft we annoy,  
For the best man on earth was once only a boy.

—Tribune.

## HIS PICTURE.

I am but an honest workman  
And my hands with toil are  
But within my little cottage  
Such a picture may be found

I know nothing of "Old Ma"  
And "Madonnas," of "Ar"  
But this picture, how it thrills  
How its beauty fills my heart

Let me show you this rare  
But a youthful woman's face,  
And by artist-rules the feat  
Mayhap lacking perfect grace

Shining bands of fair hair,  
Over gentle, dark-blue eyes,  
In whose sweetness there seems  
Tender, unsung lullabies

And a bright-eyed babe is  
Close upon the swelling  
And he peeps out at you  
As a young bird from its nest

This is all—a simple picture  
Yet its glory fills my room  
Till my life seems wholly  
Out of poverty and gloom

And the sweet pride of pos  
So exalts me that I sing—  
That my cottage is a palace  
And its master is a king

And through all the dust of  
Of life's battles that must  
Like clear, shining stars at  
I can see those tender eyes

And my soul grows calm at  
And my heart keeps clear  
For life seems but for grain  
"Neath their pure and holy light

"Buy it," did you say, then  
I would sell you first my  
Why, that baby is our baby  
And the mother is my wife

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## THE SILVER WEDDING.

Come wife, sit here, and we'll rest awhile  
Till the merry dance is o'er;  
Our silver wedding has made me feel  
As if youth were mine once more.  
I've quite forgotten my fifty years;  
Dear wife, can it be true,  
That twenty-five years have come and gone  
Since I loved and wedded you?

Our daughter there—God bless the child!  
For she carries her mother's face;  
Just as you looked when you won my heart  
With your innocent girlish grace.  
How fair she is!—What? bless my soul!  
Wife, what is that you say?  
“Our little girl has given her heart  
To that rascal!”—young John Grey!

Coaxed mother to tell me, did she, eh?  
Well, wife, it never can be;

"I'll never consent—you hear me, wife?—  
Just tell her that from me.  
What is it you ask? "If long ago  
Your father had answered nay,  
What would I have done?" "H'm, well, I think  
I'd have—married you anyway!"

"Judge John by myself," you say? Ah, well, The boy's a good fellow enough; But I don't encourage this falling in love, And this courting, and all such stuff. What is it you ask me?—"Have I enjoyed This silver wedding?" There, there! When a woman attacks the weak side of a man The game—is hardly fair.

Well, because of our silver wedding, wife  
(Dear, dear, how fast time flies!),  
I can't say no to the child we love,  
The girl with her mother's eyes.  
So here's a kiss for the bride you were,  
And one for the wife you are,  
And another to crown this happy night,  
Of which you are the brightest star.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

The farmer sat in his easy chair  
Between the fire and the lamp-light's glare;  
His face was ruddy and full and fair,  
His three small boys in the chimney nook  
Coned the lines of a picture-book;  
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,  
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,  
Laid the table and steeped the tea—  
Doftly, swiftly, silently:  
Tired and weary, weak and faint,  
She bore her trials without complaint,  
Like many another household saint—  
Content all selfish bliss above  
In the patient ministry of love.

At last, between the clouds of smoke  
That wreathed his lips, the farmer spoke:  
"There's taxes to raise and interst to pay,  
And if there should come a rainy day  
T'would be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,  
T' have something put by. For folks must die;  
An' there's funeral bills, and grave stones to buy—  
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;  
Besides, there's Edward an' Dick an' Joe  
To be provided for when we go.  
So, if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd du;  
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—  
Extra fires don't do any good;  
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,  
And run up some candles once in a while;  
I'd rather be sparin' of coffee and tea,  
For sugar is high,

An' all to buy,  
 And cider is good enough drink for me;  
 I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es  
 And look out sharp how the money goes—  
 Giewgaws is useless, nater knows;  
 Extra trimmin'  
 'S the bane of women.  
 I'd sell the best of my cheese an' honey,  
 An' eggs is as good, nigh 'bout, as th' money;  
 An' as tu the carpet you wanted new—  
 I guess we can make the old one du;  
 And as for th' washer an' sewin'-machine,  
 Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,  
 You'd better get rid o' 'em slick an' clean.  
 What do they know 'bout women's work,  
 Do they calkilate women was made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe  
Sat in the corner in a row;  
They saw the patient mother go  
On ceaseless errands to and fro;  
They saw that her form was bent and thin,  
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;  
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—  
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,  
Outspoke the youngest, fairest brother:  
"You talk of savin' wood an' ile  
An' tea an' sugar all the while,  
But you NEVER talk of SAVIN' MOTHER!"  
—*Springfield Republic*

—Springfield Republican.

Well, wife, while down in town to-day,  
I heard by chance the strangest thing;  
'Twill come to pass the people say,  
Though trouble it is sure to bring.  
Our timepiece there upon the wall  
Must go (it gives me quite a shock);  
You see 'tis of no use at all—  
'Twill soon be 24 o'clock.

We'll breakfast then at 18 sharp,  
At 19 I must take the train.  
What oddities! I cannot help harp  
On what is sure to turn the brain.  
But Labor's wheels will still go 'round,  
On wages there will be no lock,  
Though this old world at last has found  
It has a 24 o'clock.

Dear Sue, maybe you have forgot  
Our wedding, twenty years ago;  
'Twas 12 when parson tied the knot,  
Though now it seems it was not so.  
Time's river flows on mighty fast,  
And each new wave seems but to mock,  
For, wife, we've had to find at last  
We wed at 24 o'clock.

Our Maud, who'd like to sleep till noon,  
Now rising on the stroke of 6,  
Can have her share of sleep soon,  
And doze till 18. What a mix!  
But when young Linn comes here to call,  
And stays like Patience on a rock,  
'Twill throw a shadow over all—  
So late the hour—13 o'clock.

And meeting hour, which always came  
So regularly at half-past 10,  
Will never seem again the same—  
A sort of 22 Amen.

Dear Sue, this thing is certain sure  
To soon affect both you and me,  
For our old clock there is no cure—  
It and the future can't agree.

Though some folks learnedly may speak  
Of Greenwich time and this and that,  
It is our century's strangest freak—  
A queer, diurnal tit for tat.  
We're told the world improves with age,  
Our ship at last has reached a dock  
Where change in all things is the gauge—  
'Twill soon be 24 o'clock.

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# GEOGRAPHY.

A person must have a pretty good knowledge of geography to remember the position of all the principal cities, or even countries, in the world. Yet this is expected of every one who wishes to be considered educated. A geographical mistake is almost sure to expose its perpetrator to ridicule.

Thanks to our common schools, such errors are comparatively rare among us. In Eastern countries, however, geography is yet almost unknown. In a Persian book the fame of a celebrated beauty is spoken of, as extending from Bombay to Surat, and from Sham to Istanbul. Bombay is not a great many miles from Surat. Istanbul, or Constantinople, is the capital of Turkey; and Sham, or Syria, is an adjacent country. Yet the writer evidently thought that by these designations he was embracing almost the whole Eastern world.

An amusing scene once occurred during a trial in Ireland. The captain of a ship, who was a witness, stated that in coming from the Black Sea to Dublin, he only touched at one place,—Malta. He afterwards mentioned that he spent a night in Valetta. His lawyer whispered to him,—

"How is that? You said you only touched land once."

"Yes," replied the captain, "but Valetta is the capital of Malta."

When the opposing counsel, who was equally ignorant, objected to the captain's statements as inconsistent, the lawyer rose and said,—

"Does not every child know that Valetta is the capital of Malta?"

# SCHOOL'S TOOKEN UP.

The boys have come back to their schools,

Ah, me!

To violate grammar and rules,

So free.

The lawless joke, and the stealthy grin,

The clinging wax and the crooked pin,

The capsized ink, and the whispered din,

Ah, me!

The faces chalked on the outer walls,

I see;

And the ceiling stuccoed with paper balls,

Ah, me!

The shuffling feet on the gritty floor,

The inky faces at the class room door,

The sudden pinch and the muffled roar,

Ah, me!

The question brisk and the answer slow,

Ah, me!

The "I furgut," and the "I dun'no,"

Just see!

"N four tums seven is twenty-nine;"

"Rome is a town on the river Rhine;"

"George is a verb 'n agrees with wine."

Ah, me!

Grimace and giggle, grin and wink,

Dear me!

Buzz and whisper—who can think?

Ah, me!

Wouldn't it be a better rule,

To let the boy grow up a fool,

Rather than send him back to school

And me?

—Hawkeye.

# DAY BY DAY.

Day by day, for every sorrow,

Day by day, for every need;

"Take no thought" for each to-morrow,

God doth e'en the sparrows feed.

Day by day, our bread He giveth,

Day by day, our strength supplies;

And "the same" He everliveth,

Watching o'er us from the skies.

Day by day, for every pleasure;

Look not for the coming rain;

Love it was that gave the treasure,

Love that takes it back again.

Day by day, for every duty,

Think not of to-morrow's task;

He will crown each work with beauty,

If His aid we only ask.

Child of God, be this the token

Of thy love, that day by day

Thou wilt trust his faith unbroken,

For the promise still is "yea."

Child of God, be this thy glory,

Thus to trust Him all the way,

And when ends thine earthly story

He Himself will be thy Day.

# CHRYSANTHEMUM.

When nuts are dropping from the tree

Gathered in,

When purple grapes are on the vine

The bin,

When far across the level fields is heard

harsh call,

Then in the garden lifts its head the

of all.

Chrysanthemum—the name is long for

speaking,

But Ethel loves the cheerful bloom

her cheek;

For on the winter's icy edge it sets its

With fragrance keen as myrrh and spikenard

clean and cold.

Clematis twined its airy wreaths, and

land;

No more the sumac rears its plume,

fanned;

Dear Mother Nature tells the rose

her head,

And every tiny violet is tucked away

the South;

The fairies lurk no longer in the

mouth;

And Ethel, sitting down to rest a-noon

wall,

Sees, bright and strong and undimmed

flower of all.

Its petals may be tipped with pink, or

palest hue

Of yellow gold, or snowy white the

at you;

And little reck it though the frost

nipping air,

It came to see the curtain drop, this

on air.

Chrysanthemum—a harder word than

say,

Yet little Ethel croons it o'er to n

gay;

"For east," she cries, "and west the

flutter and they fall,

And still I find Chrysanthemum the

of all."

Oh, by-and-by the fierce north wind in

will blow,

The sleet upon the panes will beat, and

shall go

And whisper to Chrysanthemum—sh

hear?

"Come, darling flower, the play is d

you back next year."

—Harper's

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28			18		5
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CHRYSANTHEMUM.

cropping from the trees, and corn is  
 apes are on the vine, and apples in  
 the level fields is borne the crow's  
 garden lifts its head the bravest flower  
 the name is long for little lips to  
 the cheerful bloom, and holds it to  
 its icy edge it sets its banner bold,  
 een as myrrh and spice, with colors  
 old.  
 its airy wreaths, and faded from the  
 ac rears its plume, by gentle breezes  
 ure tells the rose 'tis time to hide  
 oilet is tucked away in bed;  
 ang in summer days are flying to  
 no longer in the morning-glory's  
 g down to rest a-near the old stone  
 strong and undismayed, the bravest  
 tipped with pink, or touched with  
 r snowy white their beauty smiles  
 it though the frost may chill the  
 curtain drop, this flower so deb-  
 a harder word than children often  
 croons it o'er to music blithe and  
 cries, "and west the leaves they  
 they fall,  
 Chrysanthemum the bravest flower

fierce north wind in wildest wrath  
 e panes will beat, and Nature swift  
 Chrysanthemum—shall little Ethel  
 ower, the play is done. I'll bring  
 xt year."  
 —Harper's Young People.

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid  
 Was a Christian kid—  
 A cute little cuss, you'd declare—  
 With eyes full of fun,  
 And nose that begun  
 Right up at the roots of his hair.  
 Jolly and fat  
 Was this frolicsome brat,  
 As he played through the long summer days,  
 And braided his queue  
 As his father used to,  
 In Chinaland, far, far away.  
 Once o'er a lawn  
 That Ah Sid played upon,  
 A bumble-bee flew in the spring;  
 "Melican butterfly!"  
 Said he with winking eye;  
 "Me catchee and pull off um wing."  
 Then with his cap  
 He struck it a rap—  
 This innocent bumble-bee—  
 And put its remains  
 In the seat of his jeans,  
 For a pocket there had the Chinese.  
 Down on the green  
 Sat the little sardine  
 In a style that was strangely demure,  
 And said, with a grin  
 That was brim full of sin,  
 "Me mashee um butterfly, sure."  
 Little Ah Sid  
 Was only a kid,  
 Nor could you expect him to guess  
 What kind of a bug  
 He was holding so snug  
 In the folds of his loose fitting dress.  
 "Ki-yi! Ki-yip-ye!"  
 Ah Sid cried, as he  
 Rose hurriedly up from the spot,  
 "Ki-yi! Ydk-a-kan!"  
 Dam um Melican man—  
 Um butterfly belly much hot!"

—San Francisco Wasp.

THE LAUGH IN SCHOOL.

Hold on for a moment, teacher!  
 You'd better ignore the rule,  
 Than punish that little urchin  
 Who has just laughed out in school.  
 Had he done it out of malice,  
 It would be a different thing;  
 But he could no more help it  
 Than a lark can help to sing.  
 I know by his clouted jacket,  
 And his shoes tied with a cord,  
 That a laugh is the only luxury  
 Of childhood he can afford;  
 And he hasn't much time left him  
 For even that trivial joy,  
 For he'll have to earn his living  
 While he is yet a boy.  
 You ask why I defend him:  
 Well, the fact is, yesternight  
 I found a dog-eared primer  
 That I used when but a mite;  
 And, in imagination,  
 As I turned its pages o'er,  
 I saw some wonderful pictures  
 That I never found before.  
 I saw a certain urchin  
 (Called Clarence by the boys)  
 Go toddling into the school-room,  
 Making his share of noise;  
 And I saw him during school-time  
 Play pranks upon the sly  
 With the rosy little Agnes,  
 Till she laughed as she would die.  
 And I think we all are better  
 When grown up to be men,  
 If we have something to make us  
 Look backward now and then;  
 And therefore I insisted  
 You'd better ignore the rule  
 Than punish that little fellow  
 Who has just laughed out in school.

SO LONG.

"But a week is so long!" he said,  
 With a toss of his curly head,  
 "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—  
 Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know  
 (You said it yourself—you told me so),  
 The great God up in heaven  
 Made all the earth and the seas and skies,  
 The trees and the birds and the butterflies.  
 How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"  
 "But a month is so long!" he said,  
 With a droop of his boyish head.  
 "Hear me count—one, two, three, four—  
 Four whole weeks and three days more:  
 Thirty-one days, and each will creep  
 As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;  
 Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie  
 Watching the stars climb up the sky.  
 How can I wait till a month is o'er?"  
 "But a year is so long!" he said,  
 Uplifting his bright young head.  
 "All the seasons must come and go  
 Over the hills with footsteps slow—  
 Autumn and winter, summer and spring;  
 Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling  
 Over the chasm deep and wide,  
 That I might cross to the other side,  
 Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"  
 "Ten years may be long," he said,  
 Slowly raising his stately head,  
 "But there's much to win, there is much to lose;  
 A man must labor, a man must choose,  
 And he must be strong to wait!  
 The years may be long, but who would wear  
 The crown of honor must do and dare.  
 No time has he to toy with fate  
 Who would climb to manhood's high estate."  
 "Ah! life is not long," he said,  
 Bowing his grand white head.  
 "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—  
 Seventy years! As swift their flight  
 As swallows cleaving the morning light,  
 Or golden gleams at even.  
 Life is short as a summer night—  
 How long, O God, is eternity?"

7	5	2
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MANTA TASHIMA.\*

ARTHUR MITCHELL.

I.

Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Moan the winds across the moor;  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Sob the salt waves on the shore.  
Where, O where the sachem's daughter?  
She whose loss we do deplore;  
She who dwelt by Eat-fire's water,  
Shall we never see her more?

II.

Gently lave the shells and shallows  
All along thy shores, O sea!  
Winds that blow across the marshes,  
Breathe your sweetest melody!

III.

For ye know not but she listens,  
You perhaps her ear may reach;  
For she loved you, and may haunt you  
In the twilight on the beach.

IV.

And perhaps her spirit through you—  
Breathing music of the blest—  
By its gentle undulation  
Soothes some weary one to rest.

V.

Manta, pride of all her people,  
Last and best of all before,  
Till the pale-face came to blight thee,  
Thee and those who were of yore.

VI.

Say that it is but illusion,  
Holding all our wills in thrall;  
Illusion builds our fairest castles,  
Who would sacrifice them all?

VII.

Past and present, and the future,  
To the elements are one;  
Mortals are immortals flitting  
For a moment in the sun.

VIII.

Many moons have grown to fulness,  
Many moons have waned away;  
Many Summers, many Winters,  
Backward stepping day by day.

IX.

With the fleeting beats of motion  
Pulse the forces of the year,  
As the rhythmic tides of ocean,  
Sometimes far, and sometimes near.

X.

A century or more but listens  
To the rippling waters low;  
'Tis the brook beneath the willow  
That has never ceased to flow.

XI.

And the winds are ever moaning  
O'er the marshes, cross the moor,  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Shall we never see her more?  
Vainly do we pause and listen  
For an answer; o'er and o'er—  
As an echo off re-echoed,  
Far and near along the shore—  
Hear we only salt-seas lapping,  
Sobbing on the lonely shore.  
Manta! Manta! Where is Manta?  
Shall we never see her more?  
And the distant, tireless billows,  
With their ever mournful roar,  
Is the voice of the Atlantic  
Saying ever, Nevermore!

\*Manta was the last princess of a tribe of Indians living on the eastern portion of the island of Nantucket, near Eat-fire Spring. She was the daughter of Benjamin Tashima (the last chief of his people) and is said to have been very beautiful. Tashima became a convert to the Christian faith and taught the children of his tribe during the week and preached to his people Sundays. Eat-fire Spring was so named by the Indians because of the remarkable coldness of the water.

A WORD AND A DEED.

CHARLES MACKAY.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary man might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,  
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

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9 4

16 3

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12 2

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THE DIFFERENCE.

Two babies were born in the self-same town,  
On the very same bright day;  
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,  
In the very self-same way;  
And both were as pure and innocent  
As fallen flakes of snow;  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,  
And both were bright and fair;  
But one had her curls brushed smooth and round,  
The other had tangled hair.  
Both of the children grew apace,  
As all our children grow,  
But one of them lived in the terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,  
And one was wedded and loved;  
The other saw through the curtains apart  
The world where her sister moved;  
And one was smiling, a happy bride,  
The other knew care and woe;  
For one of them lived in a terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,  
And one had tender care;  
The other was left to die alone  
On her pallet so thin and bare.  
And one had many to mourn her loss,  
For the other few tears would flow;  
For one of them lived in a terraced house,  
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,  
In wonderful, holy love,  
Took both of the sisters in his arms  
And carried them up above—  
Then all the difference vanished at last,  
For in Heaven none would know  
Which of them lived in the terraced house,  
And which in the street below.

THE BED-TIME STORY.

Two little girls in their night-gowns,  
As white as the newest snow,  
And Ted in his little flannel suit,  
Like a fur-clad Esquimaux,

Beg just for a single story  
Before they creep to bed;  
So while the room is summer warm,  
And the coal-grate cheery red,

I huddle them close and cosy  
As a little flock of sheep,  
Which I, their shepherd, strive to lead  
Into the fold of sleep.

And tell them about the daughter  
Of Pharaoh, the king,  
Who went to bathe at the river-side  
And saw such a curious thing,

'Mong the water-flags half-hidden,  
And just at the brink afloat;  
It was neither drifting trunk nor bow  
Nor yet an anchored boat.

Outside, with pitch well guarded,  
Inside, a soft green braid;  
'Twas a cradle woven of bulrushes,  
In which a babe was laid.

Then the princess sent her maidens  
To fetch it to her side,  
And when she opened the little ark,  
Behold the baby cried.

"This is one of the Hebrew children,  
With pitying voice she said,  
And perhaps a tender tear was dropped  
Upon his little head.

And then came the baby's sister,  
Who had waited near to see  
That harm came not, and she trembled  
"Shall I bring a nurse for thee?"

"Yes, bring a nurse." And the mother  
Was brought—the very one  
Who had made the cradle of bulrushes  
To save her little son.

And the princess called him Moses;  
God saved him thus to bless  
His chosen people as their guide  
Out of the wilderness.

For when he had grown to manhood  
And saw their wrongs and woes,  
Filled with the courage of the Lord,  
His mighty spirit rose;

And with faith and patience,  
And power to command,  
He placed their homeless, weary feet  
At last in the promised land.

—Clara

26

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BED-TIME STORY.

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—Clara Doty Bates.

KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine,  
As I went down the street—  
A woman whose hair was silver,  
But whose face was blossom sweet,  
Making me think of a garden  
Where, in spite of frost and snow  
Of bleak November weather,  
Late, fragrant lilies blow.  
I heard a footstep behind me,  
And the sound of a merry laugh,  
And I knew the heart it came from  
Would be like a comforting staff  
In the time and the hour of trouble,  
Hopeful and brave and strong,  
One of the hearts to lean on,  
When we think that things go wrong.  
I turned at the click of the gate latch,  
And met his manly look;  
A face like his gives me pleasure,  
Like the page of a pleasant book.  
It told of a steadfast purpose,  
Of a brave and daring will—  
A face with promise in it,  
That God grant the years fulfill!  
He went up the pathway singing;  
I saw the woman's eyes  
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,  
As sunshine warms the skies.  
"Back again, sweet mother,"  
He cried, and bent to kiss  
The loving face that was lifted  
For what some mothers miss.  
That boy will do to depend on,  
I hold that this is true;  
From lads in love with their mothers  
Our bravest heroes grew.  
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,  
Since time and earth began,  
And the boy who kisses his mother.  
Is every inch a man!

ALL WERE BABIES.

What curious tales has life in store,  
With all its must-be's and its maybe's!  
The sage of eighty years and more  
Once crept a nursing on the floor—  
Kings, conquerors, judges, all were babies.  
The fearless soldier who has faced  
The serried bayonet's gleam appalling,  
For nothing save a pin misplaced,  
The peaceful nursery has disgraced,  
With hours of unheroic bawling.  
The mighty monarch, whose renown  
Fills up the stately page historic,  
Has howled and wakened half the town,  
And finished off by gulping down  
His castor-oil or paregoric.  
The Justice, who, in gown and cap,  
Condemns a wretch to strangulation,  
Has thrashed his nurse and spilled his pap,  
And sprawled across his mother's lap,  
For wholesome law's administration.  
Ah, life has many a reef to shun  
Before its port we drop our anchor,  
But when its course is nobly run  
Look aft, for there the work was done.  
Life owes its headway to the spanker.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ARBUTUS.

If Spring has Maids of Honor—  
And why should not the Spring,  
With all her dainty service,  
Have thought of some such thing?—  
If Spring has Maids of Honor,  
Arbutus leads the train;  
A lovelier, a fairer  
The Spring would seek in vain.  
For sweet and subtle fragrance,  
For pink, and pink and white,  
For utmost grace and motion  
Of vines and vines' delight,  
For joy of love and lovers,  
For joy of young and old,  
No blossoms like arbutus  
In all the springtime's hold.  
The noble Maids of Honor,  
Who earthly queens obey,  
And country service render  
By weary night and day,  
Among their royal duties,  
Bouquets of blossoms bring  
Each evening to the banquet,  
And hand them to the King.  
If Spring has Maids of Honor  
And a King that is not seen,  
His choicest Springtime favor  
Is arbutus for his Queen!  
—The Independent.

1	1	2	1	1
2	7	4	1	1
3	9	1	1	1
4	10	2	1	1
5	6	2	1	1
6	7	6	1	1
7	11	4	1	1
8	17	2	1	1
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0 15 18 653 0 69 755				



# THE FIRST STEP.

To-night as the tender gloaming  
Was sinking in evening's gloom,  
And only the glow of the firelight  
Brightened the dark'ning room,  
I laughed with the gay heart gladness  
That only to mothers is known,  
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby  
Took the first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him  
Came trooping the household band,  
Joyous, loving and eager  
To reach him a helping hand,  
To watch him with silent rapture,  
To cheer him with happy noise,  
My one little fair-faced daughter  
And four brown, romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms  
That fain would bid him rest  
Close to the love and the longing,  
Near to the mother's breast;  
Wild with laughter and daring,  
Looking askance at me,  
He stumbled across the shadows,  
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,  
Stepping so brave and bright,  
With flutter of lace and ribbon,  
Out of my arms to-night,  
Helped in thy pretty ambition  
With tenderness blessed to see,  
Sheltered, upheld and protected—  
How will the last step be?

See, we are all beside you,  
Urging and beckoning on,  
Watching lest aught betide you  
Till the safe, near goal is won,  
Guiding the faltering footsteps  
That tremble and fear to fall—  
How will it be, my darling,  
With the last sad step of all?

Nay! Shall I dare to question,  
Knowing that One more fond  
Than all our tenderest loving  
Will guide the weak feet beyond?  
And knowing beside, my dearest,  
That whenever the summons, 'twill be  
But a stumbling step through the shadows,  
Then rest—at the Father's knee?

—Wide Awake.

# FROST WORK.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

No fairies left? You need not tell me so,  
For in the night upon my window pane  
Grew wondrous things that make me surely know  
The fairies are at their old tricks again.

Stand where the light strikes thro' the frosted glass,  
And see Aladdin's palace rear its towers;  
Look at the seed-tufts on that bunch of grass,  
The humming-bird above those lily-flowers!

What but a fairy pencil could design  
These feathered fronds of dainty maiden-hair?  
With every leaf so delicately fine  
You almost see it tremble on the air!

Some nimble-fingered spirit of the ice  
Has wrought his frolic will here, that is plain;  
And while I study out each quaint device,  
A wistful fancy gathers in my brain.

O, wonder-working spirit! If I could  
But learn of you the secret of the snow—  
How frost is given by the breath of God,  
And where the hidden water-courses flow—

And where begotten is the dew, that strings  
Her lovely pearls upon the meanest weed—  
And sweet animating influence brings  
The blossom splendid from the trivial seed—

Could I but ride the South wind and the North,  
And fathom all the mysteries they hold,  
See how the lightning, leaping wildly forth,  
And how the turbulent thunder is controlled—

I would no more be fretted by the greed  
And selfishness of men: treading any spite,  
Nor any worldly loss or cross indeed,  
My lifted soul could evermore affright.

And wherefore now? The laughing fairy seems  
To mock at me the spangled window through;  
And I laugh also, waking from my dreams  
To take up daily loss and cross anew;

But with a sense of things divinely planned,  
That makes me sure I need not fear disdain  
From One who holds the thunder in His hand,  
Yet stoops to trace the frost-work on the pane.

—Manhattan.

# MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

HOW THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT PEOPLE WOULD  
LOOK AT THEM.

Imagine with what dire dismay  
Old Matthew, Mark and Luke and John,  
Could they come to earth to-day,  
Would view the present goings on  
Where once they walked, or rode on asses,  
The engine whistle cuts the wind,  
And new disciples, fixed with passes,  
Curse, because the train's behind.

And those Wise Men, imagine them,  
Following the guiding star—  
That rose and fell on Bethlehem—  
On the top shelf of a sleeping car!  
And think of Solomon, the great,  
Laying, craftily, his lines  
To get some kind of special rate  
For all his wives and concubines!

There's Adam, too, how he would sigh  
And turn to Eve, and speak her low,  
When first they heard the brakeman cry,  
"E dun! Change cars for Jericho!"  
And Moses, how surprised he'd be,  
When standing back upon the ridges,  
And looking on the old Dead Sea,  
He saw all Israel mending bridges!

There's old Nebuchadnezzar, too,  
Doomed in the fields his life to pass;  
How he would stare when first he'd view  
The sign: "Park, please keep off the grass."  
And Dives, could he leave below,  
And come to earth, how he would wilt,  
When he would undertake to show  
Down wealth with Gould and Vanderbilt.

And Samuel, what would he do,  
If when kneeling all alone,  
Should hear the brisk "Hello! Hello!"  
Of Eli, at the telephone?  
How would those children whom he bears,  
Ate up for telling him to "go,"  
Stare at Elisha's scattering hairs,  
In the front row of a burlesque show?

How long would David, with his sling,  
Contrive to linger round about,  
With Sullivan still in the ring,  
With cash up that he'd "knock him out?"  
And how the multitude, who fed  
Upon the sermon on the Mount,  
Would feel their hair rise as they read  
The Associated Press account!

The scene has changed by Galilee,  
And altered is old Palestine,  
Jerusalem, ere long, will be  
A little station where you dine;  
And should the ancient residents  
Come back in all their early rags,  
Some fresh policeman, with no sense,  
Would run the outfit in as "vags."

—Traveler's Magazine.

# HOUSE-KEEPING.

A scene of desolation greets the eye;  
The carpets up, the curtains down, the  
Furniture all upset and piled about;  
While back and forth, with heads in  
With skirts looped up a foot above the  
And arms all bared, fly creatures—car  
My lovely wife and servants neat I see  
Tearing about in those outrageous du  
And stirring up this awful smell of su  
While in their eyes there gleams a da  
Great heavens, 'tis they! Oh, what a

The dog, once scalded, from them keep  
The cat has sought for safety on the r  
And in the dining-room, where I had  
To find a toothsome dinner, they have  
A fiend of Africa blood, who joys to swi  
A whitewash brush and spatter every  
But I am not forgot. My feast's spre  
Out in the woodshed on a barrel head  
One slice of bread, a plate of warm  
Some water in a mug, a dish of green  
banquet rich! And best of all, yo  
brought a fellow home to dine wi

ree carpets hung waving abroad in  
Abroad in the breeze as the sun we  
And three husbands, with patches o  
knees,  
Whacked whacks that were heard f  
down.

For men must work and women must  
And the carpets be beaten, no matter  
While the neighbors do the bossing,

Three housewives leaned out of their r  
Of their windows raised, where the  
in;

And they scrubbed and scrubbed t  
grew dazed,

And their eyes were filled with a bo  
For the pots will fall, and kettles go b  
And the boilers refuse in the attic to  
While the husbands do the swearing

Three judges sat on their benches to j  
Three cases that came from a house  
The parties asserted they never would  
But wanted divorces "right here an  
So the men went off and the women v  
And hereafter will do their house-cle  
While the former partners snicker.

			18		6
8			14		4
9		1	16		4
10			21		4
11					
12	2		85		6
13	1		91		4
14			40		4
15		2	42		5
16			18		2
17			20		7
18					
19					
20	1	2	65		7
21		2	104	1	7
22		3	109		6
23			24		3
24			28	1	6
25			64		6
26			14		2
27			80	2	3
28			10		3
29					
30			<del>1</del>	<del>40</del>	<del>1</del> <del>4</del>
31	0	5	17	1108	4 118 1252
	0	5	18	1198	5 122 1248



# HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.

tion greets the eye;  
 the curtains down, fires out,  
 feet and piled about;  
 forth, with heads in towel bound,  
 up a foot above the ground,  
 red, fly creatures—can it be  
 and servants neat I see  
 those outrageous duds,  
 this awful smell of suds,  
 res there gleams a dangerous light?  
 is they! Oh, what a dreadful sight.  
 alded, from them keeps aloof,  
 ht for safety on the roof,  
 g-room, where I had thought  
 m—dinner, they have got  
 blood, who joys to swing  
 sh and spatter everything.  
 got. My feast's spread  
 hed on a barrel head,  
 d, a plate of warmed-up beans,  
 mug, a dish of greens.  
 ! And best of all, you see  
 llow home to dine with me.  
 ng waving abroad in the breeze,  
 breeze as the sun went down;  
 ands, with patches of dirt on their  
 ks that were heard for miles up and  
 rk and women must clean,  
 be beaten, no matter how mean,  
 hours do the bossing.  
 s leaned out of their windows raised—  
 ws raised, where the light streamed  
 bed and scrubbed till their heads  
 d, were filled with a horrible din,  
 a fall, and kettles go bang,  
 refuse in the attic to hang,  
 hands do the swearing.  
 on their benches to judge  
 at came from a house-cleaning row,  
 ted they never would budge  
 forces "right here and now."  
 off and the women went home,  
 ll do their house-cleaning alone,  
 er partners snicker.

# KNITTING THE STOCKING.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Knitting the stocking which hourly grows,  
 A grand-dame sits in her easy chair—  
 Her gossip talk serenely flows,  
 And soft on her neck lies the snow-white hair.  
 She speaks of customs that now are not,  
 Of the pride and fashion that strut and swell;  
 Nothing that happened has been forgot,  
 And strange are the tales that she loves to tell.  
 "Twas not the way in the days of old  
 To dress in silks and laces rare,"  
 She said, "for we had no surplus gold,  
 And life was full of toil and care."  
 "The homely duties that day by day  
 Came steadily round without a miss,  
 Kept the idle follies far away,  
 And taught us that work was the surest bliss.  
 "To plow, and sow, and reap, and run  
 On various errands employed the men;  
 While the women, whose work was never done,  
 Would bake and wash, and scrub—and then,  
 "When all the heaviest tasks were o'er,  
 Would still have something to prepare,  
 If only to darn, or sweep the floor,  
 Or sew or knit in some ancient chair.  
 We would spin and weave in the old-time days,  
 And evenings after dark and tea  
 Our beaux would come to the fireside blaze—  
 And this was the way John courted me.  
 "I tell you it isn't dress and show  
 That make the world seem bright and fair,"  
 The grand-dame said—and saying so  
 She fell asleep in her easy chair!

—Good Cheer!

# THE FIRST RUBBER-BOOTS.

That precious pair of rubber-boots,  
 So tall, so black, so shining!  
 They're just the things, the very things,  
 For which our Ned's been pining.  
 And now he calls them all his own,  
 A happy thought comes o'er him,  
 And when he kneels to say his prayers  
 He sets the boots before him.  
 Then into bed our darling goes,  
 His treasures near him keeping;  
 For on the pillow one small head  
 Between two boots is sleeping.  
 Through snow, through slush, and in the rain—  
 O, never mind the weather!—  
 The rubber-boots, the little Ned,  
 They trudge along together.  
 His feet go dabbling in the brook,  
 Just like two little fishes,  
 And then he runs to tell mamma  
 The funniest of wishes.  
 "I wish I was a puss-tat, ma,  
 Just like our old gray Molly.  
 Then I could wear four rubber-boots.  
 "Oh, wouldn't that be jolly!"  
 —Our Little Men and Women.

# MY OWN GIRL.

Fifteen shillings—no more, sir—  
 The wages I weekly touch;  
 For labor steady and sore, sir,  
 It isn't a deal too much.  
 Your money has wings in the city,  
 And vanishes left and right,  
 But I hand a crown to Kitty  
 As sure as Saturday night.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me!  
 She lives in a reeking court, sir,  
 With roguery, drink and woe;  
 But Kitty has never a thought, sir,  
 That isn't as white as snow—  
 She hasn't a thought or feeling  
 An angel would blush to meet;  
 I love to thing of her kneeling  
 And praying for me so sweet.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me!  
 I must be honest and simple,  
 I must be manly and true,  
 Or how could I pinch her dimple,  
 Or gaze in her frank eyes blue?  
 I feel not anger, but pity,  
 When workmates go to the bad;  
 I say, "They've never a Kitty—  
 They'd all keep square if they had."  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me!  
 One day she will stand at the altar,  
 Modest, and white, and still,  
 And forth from her lips will falter  
 The beautiful, low, "I will."  
 Our home shall be bright and pretty  
 As ever a poor man's may,  
 And my soft little dove, my Kitty,  
 Shall nest in my heart for aye.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me!  
 —Frederick Langbria.

			0	1	4
			2		4
			6		1
5					
6			20		2
7		2	53	2	4
8		2	60	2	5
9		1	68	3	5
10		1	70	2	5
11			20		
12			8		
13			2		1
14			66		3
15			84		6
16					
17			4		2
18			6		5
19			2		
20			3		
21			16	3	
22			87	4	4
23	1	3	200	2	7
24			51	1	4
25		1	76	2	6
26			80		4
27			40	2	2
28	1	1	61		4
29			102	2	6
30			78	4	6
31			12		2
	0	2	151567	34	96 1711



# THE PIOUS RASCAL.

Old Billy B. was a pious man,  
And heaven was his goal;  
For, being a very saving man,  
Of course he'd save his soul.  
But even in this he used to say,  
"One can't too careful be;"  
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,  
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the "means of grace" he had to own  
Required good, hard-earned gold;  
And he took ten pews, as well became  
The richest of the fold.  
"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried;  
"Our Christian brother B."  
And Billy smiled as he sub-let nine,  
And got his own pew free.

In class meeting next, old Billy told  
How heaven had gracious been,  
Yea, even back in the days when  
He was a man of sin.  
"I's building a barn on my river farm—  
All I then had," he said;  
"I'd run out of boards, and was feedin' hands  
On nothin' but corn bread."

"I tell ye, bretherin, that I felt blue,  
Short o' timber and cash,  
And thought I'd die when the banks then burst,  
And flooded all my mash.  
But the Lord was merciful unto me,  
And sent right through the rift  
The tide had made in the river banks  
A lumber raft adrift."

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn  
And on top was a cheese,  
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet  
As any one ever sees.  
Then I had bread and meat for the men,  
And they worked with a will,  
While I thanked God, who'd been good to me,  
And I'm a doin' it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried, "Bless the Lord,"  
The whole class cried, "amen!"  
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.  
In thoughtful way, and then  
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear  
Who lost that raft and load?"  
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:  
"Bretherin, I never knowed."

# NEW YEAR CHIMES.

Listen, listen! do you hear them—  
Hear the sweet familiar chimes?  
Does not memory endear them,  
For the sake of bygone times?  
Come, bright hope, and swell the burden  
Of their songs to hearts forlorn;  
Joyfulness should be your guerdon  
On this dark mid-winter morn.

Listen, listen! Let them waken  
Vanished moments, if you will;  
Speak of pleasures long forsaken,  
Broken faith regretted still;  
Conjure up the dear old places,  
Blot the intervening years,  
Till we look on phantom faces  
Through a sudden mist of tears.

Listen, listen! but no longer  
Lost in dreams that enervate;  
As the merry din grows stronger,  
Let it cheer and animate.  
Be the clarion to call us  
Forward where our lot is cast,  
So whatever fate befall us  
We may meet it well at last.

Listen, listen! through the pealing  
Of the chimes that greet the year,  
Echoes not of earth are stealing;  
Angel voices I can hear,  
Rousing nobler passions, giving  
Men and women impulse new;  
Listen, life is worth the living,  
If we make it brave and true.

# YOUNGSTERS.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Golden hair and eyes of blue—  
What won't they do?—what won't they do?  
Eyes of blue and looks of gold—  
My boy, you'll learn before you're old.  
The gaitered foot, the taper waist—  
Be not in haste, be not in haste;  
Before your chin sprout twenty spear,  
My word for't, youngster, they'll appear.

Raven hair and eyes of night  
Undo the boys; and 't serves 'em right.  
Eyes of night and raven hair,  
They'll drive you, lad, to sheer despair.  
The drooping curl, the downward glance,  
They're only waiting for the chance;  
At nick of time they'll sure appear,  
Depend upon it, laddie dear.

Shapely hands and arms of snow,  
They know their charm, my boy, they know;  
Flexile wrists and fleckless hands,  
The lass that has them understands.  
The cheeks that blush, the lips that smile—  
A little while, a little while—  
Before you know it, they'll be here,  
And catch you napping, laddie dear.

Hands, and hair, and lips, and eyes,  
They know their charm, my boy, they know;  
'Tis there the tyro's danger lies.  
You'll meet them leagued, or one by one—  
In either case the mischief's done.  
A touch, a tress, a glance, a sigh,  
And then, my boy, good-bye—good-bye!  
God help you, youngster! keep good cheer;  
Coax on your chin to twenty spear.

—The Century.

# WRITE THEM A LETTER

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball  
But stay in your room to-night;  
Deny yourself to the friends that call  
And a good long letter write—  
Write to the sad old folks at home,  
Who sit when the day is done,  
With folded hands and downcast eyes  
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my  
I've scarcely the time to write,"  
Lest their brooding thoughts go wand  
To many a by-gone night,  
When they lost their needed sleep and  
And every breath was a prayer  
That God would leave their delicate  
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you're no more  
Of their love and counsel wise;  
For the heart grows strangely sensit  
When age has dimmed the eyes.  
It might be well to let them believe  
You never forget them quite—  
That you deemed it a pleasure when  
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy  
Who make your pastime gay,  
Have half the anxious thoughts for you  
That the old folks have to-day.  
The duty of writing do not put off,  
Let sleep or pleasure wait,  
Lest the letter for which they waited  
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,  
With locks fast turning white,  
Are longing to hear of the absent one—  
Write them a letter to-night.  
—Cincinnati Saturday

8	1	1	66	3	4
9		1	70	2	6
10		2	20	1	2
11		1	30	2	2
12			10		2
13		1	60	5	7
14	2	3	186	2	6
15		2	40	2	5
16			68		2
17		5	192	1	9
18	4	4	62	2	4
19			50		4
20		2	58		6
21	3	1	82	2	5
22		1	50		3
23	1	2	56	2	4
24		2	42	1	2
25		1	40		3
26		2	46	2	4
27	1	1	24	1	5
28			6		
29			1		
30		1	34	3	4
31					

0 15 42 17 5 43 113 1928



EM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

theatre, lecture or ball,  
our room to-night;  
to the friends that call;  
long letter write—  
old folks at home,  
the day is done,  
ands and downcast eyes,  
the absent one.  
scribble: "Excuse my haste,  
the time to write,"  
diag thoughts go wandering back  
y-gone night,  
t their needed sleep and rest,  
death was a prayer  
d leave their delicate babe  
er love and care.  
feel that you're no more need  
and counsel wise;  
rows strangely sensitive  
s dimmed the eyes.  
ll to let them believe  
ge; then quite—  
ed it a pleasure when far away  
home to write.  
at the young and giddy friends  
ur pastime gay,  
anxious thoughts for you  
Folks have to-day.  
itting do not put off,  
leasure wait,  
for which they waited and longed  
n hour too late.  
folks at home,  
t turning white,  
hear of the absent one—  
letter to-night.  
—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Where are the Wicked Folks Buried?

"Tell me, gray-headed sexton," I said,  
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?  
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through,  
And studied the epitaphs, old and new;  
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,  
I read of no evil that men have done."  
The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,  
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade,  
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye  
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply.  
"Who is to judge when the soul takes its flight?  
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?  
Which of us mortals shall dare to say  
That our neighbor was wicked who died to-day?  
"In our journey through life, the farther we speed,  
The better we learn that humanity's need  
Is charity's spirit, that prompts us to find  
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind.  
"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones;  
The evil men do, let it die with their bones;  
I have labored as sexton this many a year,  
But I never have buried a bad man here."

1		2	80		
2		2	50		
3			12		
4			10		
5		1	37		
6			62	1	6
7		1	90	5	5
8			20	2	1
9		2	64	1	7
10	1	3	90	2	9
11		2	98	3	7
12		1	46	2	6
13		2	80	1	4
14		1	72	2	5
15	1	2	50	1	6
16			20		1
17			52	3	7
18			60	1	6
19	1	1	65	2	7
20		1	80		6
21		1	72	2	7
22			68	1	9
23	4	1	24	1	7
24	1		40	2	7
25			81		8
26			10		
27		1	48		3
28	1	3	60	1	6
29	1		30	1	3
30			21		
31			10	1	

A MATRIMONIAL IDYL.

I.  
Shady tree,  
Babbling brook,  
Girl in hammock  
Reading book.  
Golden curls,  
Tiny feet,  
Girl in hammock  
Looks so sweet.  
Man rides past.  
Big mustache,  
Girl in hammock  
Makes a "mash."  
Mash is mutual,  
Day is set,  
Man and maiden  
Married get.  
II.  
Married now  
One year ago,  
Keeping house  
On Baxter row.  
Red-hot stove,  
Beefsteak frying,  
Girl got married,  
Cooking trying;  
Cheeks all burning,  
Eyes look red,  
Girl got married,  
Nearly dead.  
Biscuit burned up,  
Beefsteak charry,  
Girl got married,  
Awful sorry.  
Man comes home,  
Tears mustache,  
Mad as blazes,  
Got no hash.  
Thinks of hammock  
In the lane,  
Wishes maiden

Back again.  
Maiden also  
Thinks of swing,  
Wants to go back,  
Too, poor thing.  
III.  
Hour of midnight,  
Baby squawking,  
Man in sock feet  
Bravely walking;  
Baby yells on,  
Now the other  
Twin he strikes up  
Like his brother.  
Paregoric  
By the bottle  
Emptied into  
Baby's throttle.  
Naughty tack  
Points in air,  
Waiting someone's  
Foot to tear;  
Man in sock feet—  
See him—there!  
Holy Moses!  
Hear him swear!  
Raving crazy,  
Gets his gun,  
Blows his head off,  
Dead and gone.  
IV.  
Pretty widow  
With a book  
In the hammock  
By the brook.  
Man rides past,  
Big mustache;  
Keeps on riding—  
Nary mash.

MY MOTHER.

Oh for the olden days!  
Those were the golden days.  
Days that have fled.  
Oh for the mother love!  
Earth has no other love  
Worn in its stead.  
Still, as it seems to me,  
Comes she in dreams to me,  
And her soft hands  
Comb my fair hair for me,  
With tender care for me  
Fashion its strands.  
Is love a pain to me?  
Friendship in vain to me?  
Barren life's way?  
Sorrow she shares with me,  
Whispers at prayers with me,  
"God bless my child!"  
Sings like the birds to me,  
Speaks loving words to me,  
Covers my bed;  
O I have need for her!  
My heart doth plead for her—  
Mother is dead!  
What are life's thorns to her?  
Life's sunless morn to her?  
Moons that must wane?  
Spring has no breath for her,  
Autumn no death for her,  
Lights are in vain.  
What are my prayers to her?  
Cumbersome care to her?  
She is at rest;  
Roses bloom over her,  
Snow-blossoms cover her,  
Earth on her breast.  
Down through the dreary years,  
Sorrowful, weary years,  
Hears she my cry?  
Are her hands holding me?  
And her arms folding me?  
Is she still nigh?  
Sees she my yearning tears—  
Pitiful, burning tears?  
From heaven's height  
Comes she to talk with me,  
Stealthily walk with me,  
Morning and night.  
Ah! as it seems to me,  
These are not dreams to me!  
Still thou art here,  
Walking beside me,  
Whatever betide me,  
Mother most dear.  
When life's "good-night" to me  
Heralds new light to me,  
In the unknown,  
Unending bliss for me,  
Shall be thy kiss for me,  
Mother, my own!



MARRIED-DIED.

In the columns, side by side,  
Stand the captions, Married, Died.  
What fine irony is this  
That shades with death our nuptial bliss!  
The kiss of death, of blushing bride,  
Sarcastic blend in—Married, Died.

Throbbing breast of hearts that bleed,  
Tearful, bright or dull eyes read  
Lines whose message is not clear,  
Blurred and broken through a tear;  
Lily fingers, hand of age,  
Trace the lines along the page;  
Death and Cupid, side by side,  
Sport with man in—Married, Died.

Here a requiem, there a song,  
Blend and roll their notes along;  
Village bells, that ring or toll,  
Greet a glad or passing soul.  
To the chancel call the crowd,  
Clad in satin gown, or shroud,  
To the church we twice may ride:  
Heed the headings—Married, Died.

Hoist the anchor, sail away;  
Summer winds or sunlit bay  
Lure thee o'er the outer bar,  
Where the white-capped breakers are;  
Staunch thy painted shallop be,  
Strong to ride life's restless sea;  
God shall rule the surging tide  
That laps the shores of Married, Died.

Orange blossoms, ripened wheat,  
Sprigs of rue, or lilies sweet;  
Curis of gold, or locks of snow;  
Wedding robes, or garbs of woe;  
Hands in loving hands to rest,  
Or folded lie on pulseless breast;  
Who shall blossoms and fruit divide,  
So near the stories, Married, Died?

STORMS.

BY REV. A. JAY BELKNAP.

'Tis said the Sea of Life is rough,  
That storms are wild and many,  
And that of sunny skies and days  
There's none, or scarcely any;  
But I have been upon the wave,  
And felt its varied weather,  
And know that sun, and clouds, and storms  
Are well mixed up together.

So, when the waves dash wild and high,  
And thunders hoarsely mutter,  
When angry clouds o'erspread the sky  
And shade the turbid water,  
We'll laugh with gleesome merriment,  
We'll sing a hearty chorus,  
Unto the winds and clouds and spray  
That harmlessly sweep o'er us.

We'll be a part of all the storm;  
We'll share the wild commotion  
Of all these giant bacchanals  
That sport upon the ocean;  
For all is well; our ship is strong,  
Our pilot firm and steady,  
Our gallant crew is tried and true,  
And for each duty ready.

And when the storm has spent its force,  
When clouds begin to scatter,  
How pleasantly the sunshine pours  
Its smiles upon the water!  
We ne'er could feel the calm delight  
Of fair and sunny weather,  
Where sun and clouds, and calms, and storms  
Not well mixed up together.

And so there is, behind each cloud,  
A soft and silver lining;  
And there, although we see it not,  
The sun is sweetly shining.  
So then we'll be content with life,  
And evermore remember  
That, in the year of life there is  
A June for each December.

A LITTLE ELBOW ROOM.

Good morning, don't crowd so very tight,  
There's room enough for two;  
Keep in your mind that I've a right  
To live as well as you.  
You're rich and strong, I poor and weak;  
But think you I presume,  
When only this poor boon I ask—  
A little elbow room?

'Tis such as you, the rich and strong,  
If you had but the will,  
Could give the weak a lift along,  
And help him up the hill.  
But no—you jostle, crowd and drive,  
You storm, you fret and fume;  
Are you the only man alive  
In want of elbow room?

But thus it is on life's rough path,  
Self seems the god of all:  
The strong will crush the weak to death;  
The big devour the small.  
Far better to be a rich man's hound—  
A valet, surf or groom,  
Than struggle with the mass around,  
When we've no elbow room?

Up heart! my boy, don't mind the shocks:  
Up heart and pass along!  
Your skin will soon grow tough with knocks,  
Your limbs with labor strong.  
And there's a hand unseen to aid,  
A star to light the gloom—  
Up heart, my boy! nor be afraid,  
Strike out for elbow room.

And when you see amid the throng  
A fellow-toiler slip,  
Just give him, as you pass along,  
A brave and kindly grip.  
Let noble deeds, though poor you be,  
Your path in life illumine,  
And with true Christian charity,  
Give others elbow room.

In struggling on with might and main,  
An altered, better man,  
Grow wise with many a by-gone pain,  
And many a broken plan—  
Though bruised by many a luckless fall,  
And blinded by the gloom,  
I'll up and soon redeem it all—  
But give me elbow room.

Those Things in the Bottom

There are whips and toys and pieces of  
There are shoes which no little feet  
There are bits of ribbon and broken ribbons  
And tresses of golden hair;  
There are little dresses folded away  
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never were  
There are toys and models of ships,  
There are books and pictures all faded  
And marked by the finger tips  
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to  
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul  
Sometimes when I try to pray,  
That the reaper has spared so many flowers  
And taken mine away;  
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know  
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the weary ones  
Who are waiting and watching  
For the slow return of faltering feet  
That have strayed from the paths of life  
Who have darkened their lives by sin  
Whom the snares of the tempter have

They wander far in distant climes,  
They perish by fire and flood;  
And their hands are black with the dirt  
That kindle the wrath of God;  
Yet a mother's song has soothed them  
She has lulled them to rest upon her

And then I think of my children  
My babies that never grow old,  
And know they are waiting and watching  
In the city with streets of gold—  
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary  
From sorrow and sin and war;  
And I thank my God with falling tears  
For the things in the bottom drawer.

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in the Bottom Drawer.

toys and pieces of strings,  
which no little feet wear,  
ribbon and broken rings,  
golden hair;  
sashes folded away  
the sunny day.  
Sockets that never were worn,  
and models of ships,  
and pictures all faded and torn,  
the finger tips  
that have fallen to dust;  
think that the Lord is just.  
Tenderness fills my soul  
I try to pray,  
as sated so many flowers,  
away;  
that if the Lord can know  
that can love them so.  
The weary ones  
and watching to night  
of faltering feet  
led from the paths of right;  
and their lives by shame and sin,  
of the tempter have gathered in.  
In distant climes,  
fire and flood;  
are black with the direst crimes  
wrath of God;  
has soothed them to rest;  
to rest upon her breast.  
Of my children three,  
never grow old,  
e waiting and watching for me  
streets of gold—  
cares of the weary years,  
and sin and war;  
od with falling tears  
in the bottom drawer.



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Tom Rogers, who disdains to pay  
Attention to his toilet,  
Thought it was time the other day,  
To comb his hair and oil it.

"Tom," said his brother Valentine,  
"If you your hair would soften,  
And keep it in good shape like mine,  
You must arrange it often."

"Often?" cried Tom, "What do you mean?"  
Before I'd take your trouble,  
I'd sooner shave my hair off clean  
Or leave it in short stubble."

"Comb every day? Well, that is cheek!  
The thought with terror fills me;  
I don't comb mine but once a week,  
And then it almost kills me."

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

Like a bell of blossom ringing,  
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,  
Floating to the porch's shadow,  
With the fainter fall of feet,  
Comes the answer softly backward,  
Bidding tender watcher wait,  
While the baby-queen outruns her,  
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented,  
Love to beauty breathes a sigh,  
Always to depart reluctant,  
Loath to speak the words good-bye;  
Then the same low echo answers,  
Waiting love of older date,  
And the maiden whispers softly,  
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,  
What they bar outside and in!  
With the vague outlook beyond them,  
Over waves we have not been.  
How they stand before, behind us!  
Toll-gates some, with price to pay;  
Spring-gates some, that shut forever;  
Cloud-gates some, that melt away.

So we pass them going upward  
On our journey one by one,  
To the distant shining wicket  
Where each traveler goes alone—  
Where the friends who journey with us  
Strangely falter, stop and wait;  
Father, mother, child or lover;  
"Only going to the gate."



# WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,  
When the evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—  
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,  
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,  
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile  
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares  
beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,  
Skimmed the waters of the sleeping lake,  
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—  
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake  
To brave the anger and to fear the harm—  
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is: and ever lent  
To truth, and love, and meekness; they who own  
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,  
Even by quiet step and smile are known;  
By kind hearts that have wept, hearts that have sor-  
rowed—  
By patience never tired, from their own trials bor-  
rowed.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness  
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—  
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness—  
Fales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;  
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—  
All these come ever bent with one low, gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—  
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—  
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving  
With strongest thoughts and wild, unwonted fears;  
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy  
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,  
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,  
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—  
How their two hearts are one and she his own;  
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells  
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden  
tells.

## BE POLITE.

Hearts like doors will ope with ease  
To two very little keys;  
But don't forget the two are these—  
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

Be polite, boys; don't forget it,  
In your wandering day by day,  
When you work and when you study,  
In your home and at your play.

Be polite, boys, to each other;  
Do not quickly take offence;  
Curb your temper—you'll be thankful  
For this habit seasons hence;

Be respectful to the aged,  
And this one thing bear in mind—  
Never taunt the wretched outcast,  
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents,  
Never let them fail to hear  
From their sons the best of language  
In the home you should hold dear;

To your brothers and your sisters  
Speak in accents kind and true;  
Be polite, 'twill serve you better  
Than a princely gift can do.

## SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life is a burden for every man's shoulder,  
None may escape from its trouble and care;  
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,  
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,  
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;  
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,  
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing,  
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;  
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,  
But stout is the heart that is strengthened  
prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,  
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;  
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,  
And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

—Victoria Magazine

## THE LIFE LEDGER.

Our sufferings we reckon o'er  
With skill minute and formal;  
The cheerful ease that fills the soul  
We treat as merely formal.  
Our list of ills, how full, how great,  
We mourn our lot should fall so.  
I wonder, do we calculate  
Our happinesses also?

Were it not best to keep account  
Of all days, if of any?  
Perhaps the dark ones might amount  
To not so very many.  
Men's looks are nigh as often gay  
As sad, or even solemn.  
Behold, my entry for to-day  
Is in the "happy column."

—From the Nineteenth

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THE LEDGER.  
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appy column."  
From the Nineteenth Century.

A WELCOME TO SPRING.

Flowers springing round her feet,  
And birds above her singing,  
Flora comes the Spring to meet,  
Her voice with laughter ringing.  
Flora! Flora! sweetest maiden!  
Come with vernal treasures laden!  
After Winter's dreary sadness,  
Come, and fill our hearts with gladness!

Summer is a lordly dame;  
But all her hot caresses  
Cannot set my heart aflame,  
Or stir its deep recesses.

Spring is but a maiden coy,  
With mingling tears and laughter;  
And to share her simple joy  
Will bring no sorrow after.

wooing me with outstretched arms  
To lie upon her bosom,  
Tempting with the varied charms  
Of bud, and bird, and blossom.

Others sing of Autumn's hues,  
Of ripening corn and fallows;  
I the brook would rather choose  
All fringed with yellow shallows.

And the bright marsh-marigold,  
Of golden sunsets dreaming;  
Bluebell shy and kingcup bold  
In wood and meadow gleaming.

Hark! the skylark trills his love  
Alone in th' azure heaven;  
Philomel will make the grove  
A vocal choir at even.

Flora! Flora! sweetest maiden!  
Come with vernal treasures laden;  
After Winter's dreary sadness,  
Come, and fill our hearts with gladness!  
—The London Academy.

NIGHT-FALL AT THE SEASIDE.

BY CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

There is no sound upon the limpid sky,  
No blur of vapor on the sea beneath;  
The clear pools on the rock unwrinkled lie,  
And, only stirred as by an infant's breath,  
The salt grass rustles faint and fitfully.  
No muffled landward echoes, born afar,  
Thrill through the moon-suffused tranquillity;  
But where the breakers glimmering on the bar,  
A long, low murmur, like a summer rain,  
Grows deep and organ-toned, then falls again.

The low moon's level wake across the waves  
Leaps into splendor where they fall and rise  
In silver-breasted hillocks, shadow-caves  
And undulating whirls that cheat the eyes  
To fancies of strange monsters, and fair shapes  
Of nereids and mermaids, crowned with shells  
And soft sea blooms from Southern cove and capes.—  
Lifting their dripping bosoms from the swells  
To gaze upon the moon-lit world awhile  
And beckon us with many a nod and smile.

And there are voices from the sea-chafed rocks,  
In slippery clefts and hollows water-worn,  
Where pulpy algae trail their slimy locks,—  
Strange liquid tones as of a Triton's horn.  
Blown gurgling through green shallows, clear and  
low,  
Soft laughter, and the splash of curved palms;  
Round lonely isles and inlets, long ago,  
The fisher heard such sounds through twilight  
calms,  
And, coasting homeward, with hushed utterance told  
Of siren music sung to harps of gold.

—Lippincott.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the time goes by—  
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh;  
Little by little—an hour, a day,  
Gone with the years that have vanished away;  
Little by little the race is run,  
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;  
Little by little the sun comes near;  
Little by little the days smile out  
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;  
Little by little the seed we sow  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;  
Little by little the Wrong gives way,  
Little by little the Right has sway;  
Little by little all longing souls,  
Struggle up nearer the shining goals!

Little by little the good in men  
Blossoms to beauty for human ken;  
Little by little the angels see  
Prophecies better of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer his pleading call!

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e with vernal treasures laden; er Winter's dreary sadness, ne, and fill our hearts with gladness! — The London Academy.					1	2
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The Quaker Maiden.

Her dreamy penitential face  
Is shadowed by a human grace;  
Her solemn, lustrous, spiritual eyes  
Reflect the shades of earthly skies.

In sober folds her golden hair  
Has prisoned sunbeams in a lair;  
With aspirations in her dreams  
Young Love is singing gentle themes.

Within the kerchief o'er her breast  
A lily lies in swooning rest;  
A rosebud languished there at morn  
In fevered blushes sad and lorn.

No clamoring sighs disturb her peace;  
Inaudible in calm they cease;  
Restrained within a proper sphere  
They wait in silence and in fear.

Yet while the sun is following day  
Lest one lone wanderer go astray,  
And, lost with a reckless thought,  
Betray the secret love has brought!

Sweet Quaker maiden, o'er thy face  
Thy soul hath veiled a stainless grace,  
Yet through thy sighs thy heart doth prove  
The first shy gift of dawning love!

—Harriet Maxwell Converse.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE.

They parted on the little bridge  
Which spans the running water,  
The bright-eyed youth with fluent tongue,  
And she—the yeoman's daughter.

A few fond words, a stolen kiss,  
A little golden trinket,  
'Twas all; but that his heart could change  
She did not dare to think it.

He journeyed to bright Southern lands  
Where tropic skies bent o'er him,  
And wooed blind Fortune till she cast  
A shower of gold before him.

Then Fame took up her trumpet, tuned  
To sound his praise in story,  
For much that to his life belonged  
Was what the world called glory.

A ribbon marked his high degree,  
His name had added letters,  
And not on him was any sign  
Of life's more galling fetters.

The maiden's path lay toward the north;  
She toiled for daily guerdon,  
And meekly bore her low estate,  
Nor felt her task a burden.

Till hope deferred her spirit broke,  
And thorns seemed springing round her;  
And thoughts that once were purest joy  
Had only power to wound her.

A poor old maid with fading cheek  
Toils on from early morning,  
With scanty thanks and little praise,  
And oft-time heartless scorning.

And yet sometimes she sees the bridge  
And hears the river flowing,  
When memory lifts the shroud of years,  
The dead past calmly showing.

And sometimes he, in idle mood,  
'Mid silence all unbroken,  
Just wonders if the bridge still stands  
Where their last words were spoken.

The little bridge still lightly spans  
The rippling, running water,  
But no bridge spans the gulf 'twixt him  
And her, the yeoman's daughter!

—Chamber's Journal.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Only a wee little mortal,  
Asleep on the nursery floor,  
'Mid a pile of neglected playthings  
Which litter the whole room o'er,  
Two little fat arms lying  
Over a curly head,  
And smiles which awaken the dimples  
Parting the lips so red.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken  
And a terrible crack in her head,  
And her cheeks washed as white as a lily,  
That once were so rosy and red.  
Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining;  
Poor fellow! no wonder you wail,  
I wonder what mischievous fingers  
Fastened that cup to your tail!

It was only that wee little mortal,  
Asleep on the nursery floor;  
And nurse stands aghast at the litter  
Which covers the whole room o'er.  
Well, pick them up patiently, nurse,  
Over and over again,  
E'en though that bundle of mischief  
Will make all your labor but vain.

Better a home with a baby,  
And a floor all littered with toys,  
Than one that is empty forever  
Of childish prattle and noise.  
So here's a kiss for the darling!  
On forehead, and mouth, and chin,  
And wherever I find a dimple,  
I'll smuggle the kisses in.

—Youth's Companion.

This Life is What We Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,  
And rarer of the bad ones,  
And sing about our happy days,  
And none about the sad ones.  
We were not made to fret and sigh,  
And when grief sleeps to wake it,  
Bright happiness is standing by—  
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,  
Or be believers in it;  
A light there is in every soul  
That takes the pains to win it.  
Oh! there's a slumbering good in all  
And we perchance may wake it.  
Our hands contain the magic wand—  
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts  
Shed light and joy about them!  
Thanks be to them for countless gems  
We ne'er had known without them.  
Oh! this should be a happy world  
To all who may partake it;  
The fault's our own if it is not—  
This life is what we make it.

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## OLD CUSTOMS.

BY EDMUND LYON.

Old customs! Well, our children say  
We get along without them;  
But you and I, dear, in our day  
Had other thoughts about them.  
The dear old habits of the past—  
I cannot choose but love them,  
And sigh to think the world at last  
Has soared so far above them.

We had not, in the years gone by,  
The grace that art discovers;  
Our lives were calmer; you and I  
Were very simple lovers.  
And when, our daily duties o'er,  
We strayed beside the rushes,  
The only gems you ever wore  
Were bright and blooming blushes.

Our rustic way was slow, but yet  
Some good there was about it,  
And many ills we now regret  
Old habits would have routed.  
I know our children still can see  
The Fifth Commandment's beauty—  
May they obey, as once did we,  
From love and not from duty.

The world to-day is far too high  
In wisdom to confess them,  
But well we know, dear, you and I,  
For what we have to bless them.  
Though love was in the heart of each,  
I trembled to accost you.  
Had you required a polished speech,  
I think I should have lost you.

No doubt our minds are slow to gauge  
The ways we are not heeding;  
But here upon our memory's page  
Is very simple reading.  
It says the forms we still hold fast  
Were wise as well as pleasant—  
The good old customs of the past  
Have leavened all the present.

## RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A few short hours ago, and all the land  
Lay as in fever, faint and parched with drought;  
And so had lain, while many a weary day  
Dragged the long horror of its minutes out.

The juiceless fruits fell from the dusty trees;  
The farmer doubted if the Lord was good,  
As, sad, he watched the labor of his hands  
Made useless by the Day-god's fiery mood.

The hot streets sickened in the burning glare;  
The road-sides lost the glory of their green;  
No second growth sprang up to glad the eye,  
Where once the mower with his scythe had been.

A few short hours ago! And now, behold,  
Freshness and beauty gleam on every side;  
The earth has drunk its fill, and all about  
The amber pools are stretching far and wide.

A million drops are flashing in the sun;  
The springs far down the upper wonder know;  
The farmer laughs, and little cares how fast  
Through his torn hat the cooling streamlets flow.

And all the fields and pastures seem to say,  
With joyous smile that I shall ne'er forget,  
And all the flowers and trees in chorus join,  
"We knew 'twould come! He never failed us yet."

## HIDE AND SEEK.

Maud says, it is the queerest thing!

Virgil in his Bucolics,  
Never once condescends to sing

Of hiding-candy-frolics.  
'Tis queer enough, indeed, but you

Can bet your bottom dollar,

That if she says so, it is true,

For Maud's a Latin scholar.

She thinks now those old Romans knew

Nothing at all about 'em;

If so, how did they ever do

To get along without 'em?

E'er since the memory of man,

'Tis a Nantucket fashion

To carry out this hiding plan,—

Indeed, 'tis quite a passion.

Our boys and girls take great delight

In outwitting each other;

Maud goes to bed at early night,

Leaving word with her mother,

"I must be called at half-past two,

Those boys will surely watch us;

We must get to the rendezvous

Early, or they will catch us."

A group of lively girls last week

A lovely place selected

To play this game of hide and seek;

They couldn't be detected.

While all the boys, as sure as pop

They thought, were wrapped in slumber,

They met in a mechanic's shop,

Up stairs among the lumber.

To wait all day, and make no noise

Quite fired out all their patience;

And then, to think the wicked boys

Had spoiled their calculations!

While they ran singly or by two,

The boys around them hovered;

Had seen them and had followed, too,

And their retreat discovered.

They came in there with faces bright,

Like all girls on a bender;

But what a change, when they at night

Were summoned to surrender.

So wearily the hours had passed

In that protracted session,

'Twas a relief when they at last

Surrendered at discretion.

They paid the forfeit as they ought,

The candy was clam-chowder;

But, 'twas so good, the fellows thought

The game well worth the powder.

We'll beat 'em yet! says Betsy Jane,

And may good luck betide her;

Don't give up girls, but try again,

Like Robert Bruce's spider.

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JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at *Great Point, Nantucket.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
<i>1881.</i>									
<i>Feb.</i>	1				6				
	2				29		3		
	3								
	4				5		1		
	5			1	42		4		
	6		1	1	50		7		
	7			1	12		4		
	8		1		27	1	5		
	9				4		3		
	10				10		4		
	11				30		4		
	12								
	13								
	14				14		5		
	15		1	3	40		7		
	16		1	1	26		5		
	17				2				
	18								
	19				1		3		
	20		1		1		6		
	21		1	1	12	1	3		
	22		1	2	46		4		
	23								
	24				3		1		
	25				20		6		
	26								
	27				1				
	28		1	1	12		5		
	29								
	30								
	31								
		0	8	11	393	2	80	494	







JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at Great Point, Nantucket

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1880.									
April	1			4	70		8		
	2			5	126	1	5		
	3				1		1		
	4		2		8		1		
	5		5	4	124		5		
	6				20				
	7				8		4		
	8			1	94				
	9		4		60	1	5		
	10				12	1	2		
	11				9		2		
	12			1	36		4		
	13				4	1	2		
	14				2				
	15				1				
	16				1				
	17			1	6				
	18		1	1	50		8		
	19		4	5	102	2	6		
	20				8				
	21		5	2	81	2	7		
	22		1	4	90	2	6		
	23			1	64	1	7		
	24				2		7		
	25			4	45		8		
	26								
	27		1	5	161	1	5		
	28		2		130	1	4		
	29		2		60	1	8		
	30			1	8				
	31								
		0	23	37	1377	14	101	1462	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light- *House*  
at *Great Point, Kentucky.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1880.									
<i>July</i>	1			1	70	1	3		
	2				12				
	3		1	1	27		2		
	4				30	1	4		
	5			3	102		5		
	6				4				
	7				12		6		
	8				46		5		
	9			1	24		2		
	10				20				
	11				50		2		
	12		1	1	75	1	5		
	13				14		6		
	14		1	2	40	1	4		
	15			2	84	2	6		
	16			1	4		2		
	17			1	20		6		
	18		1	1	92	4	5		
	19			2	80	3	4		
	20				2	1			
	21			4	66	3	6		
	22		1	1	2		2		
	23		1		55		4		
	24				41		4		
	25			2	60	1	6		
	26			1	101		7		
	27		1	1	96		4		
	28			2	84	1	6		
	29			2	66		5		
	30			2	140	2	6		
	31		4	4	68	1	5		
		0	11	35	1587	24	127	1784	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-*House*  
at *Great Point, Nantucket.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1880.									
<i>Aug.</i>	1				14		2		
	2				16				
	3				8				
	4			1	24		2		
	5			3	72	2	7		
	6			2	64	2	4		
	7			1	60	1	5		
	8				62	2	6		
	9				16		5		
	10				46	1	7		
	11		3		66	1	6		
	12			1	50	1	6		
	13				12		4		
	14				36		5		
	15		1	1	80		4		
	16		1	1	94		7		
	17		2	1	75		8		
	18				40	3	6		
	19			1	20		6		
	20				12		5		
	21				4				
	22			4	81		7		
	23				86	3	8		
	24				20		2		
	25		1	1	92	2	6		
	26				70		5		
	27			1	41	1	8		
	28				80	1	6		
	29				9		1		
	30				10		4		
	31	1			70	2	4		
		1	8	18	1430	22	151	1630	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at Great Point, AntecKet

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1880.									
Sept.	1				70	3	5		
	2			3	90	2	4		
	3				64	1	4		
	4		1	2	88	2	5		
	5				52		6		
	6			1	47		6		
	7				6		1		
	8								
	9								
	10								
	11			1	74		3		
	12			1	124	3	3		
	13		1	4	86	1	6		
	14				9				
	15		1	2	86	1	5		
	16				40		4		
	17				28		4		
	18				18		2		
	19				9		2		
	20				7				
	21		1		30		4		
	22			1	82	1	4		
	23		2	2	70		5		
	24			4	91	1	7		
	25				70		5		
	26				30		2		
	27				14		3		
	28				6				
	29			1	60		3		
	30			1	101		4		
	31								
		0	6	23	1452	15	97	1593	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-*House*  
at *Great Point, Samboe & Ket.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1884.									
Oct.	1		1	2	84	6	4		
	2		2		76	5	5		
	3				40		5		
	4				52		3		
	5				10		2		
	6			1	40		3		
	7		2	1	112		5		
	8		1		96				
	9				30		4		
	10				37		2		
	11				56		4		
	12		1		50	1	3		
	13				30	1	4		
	14			1	151	1	7		
	15				74		6		
	16				14		2		
	17				16	2			
	18		1		35		4		
	19			1	64	1	2		
	20			1	52	1	4		
	21				36		5		
	22				9		2		
	23				6		2		
	24				41		4		
	25		3	2	160		6		
	26			2	74	2	7		
	27				50	1	5		
	28				26		4		
	29			1	39		4		
	30				34	1	5		
	31				1		1		
		0	11	12	1586	22	114	1745	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-*House*  
at *Great Point, Santee & Ket*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1880.									
<i>Nov</i>	1			2	110	4	4		
	2			1	78		5		
	3			1	70	5	4		
	4		1		32		4		
	5			1	3		1		
	6				<del>61</del>				
	7			1	90		4		
	8			2	69		3		
	9			1	70		2		
	10				5	2	2		
	11				22				
	12		1	1	24		4		
	13			2	71		4		
	14		1	2	8	1	3		
	15				12		1		
	16			2	42		4		
	17				10		2		
	18				12	1	3		
	19			4	15		3		
	20			1	5		3		
	21				14		3		
	22		2	1	9		2		
	23			2	30		4		
	24		1	2	50		4		
	25				9				
	26				24		4		
	27			3	26		5		
	28				20		2		
	29			3	16	1	4		
	30			3	80		4		
	31								
		0	6	25	1024	14	90	1169	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at *Great Point, San Francisco.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
<i>1880.</i>									
<i>Dec.</i>									
	1								
	2			1			4		
	3		1	1	6		6		
	4		2		106		4		
	5				1				
	6				10		5		
	7				3				
	8			3	56		11		
	9								
	10				8		7		
	11								
	12		1	4	92	1	4		
	13				6				
	14				10		6		
	15				6		2		
	16		2	1	50		6		
	17			3	4		5		
	18		2	1	50		5		
	19				14		2		
	20				12		4		
	21								
	22								
	23		1		27		6		
	24				1		6		
	25				8		6		
	26				1		5		
	27								
	28				6	1	5		
	29				8		2		
	30				7		2		
	31		1	2	46		4		
		0	10	14	558	2	44	678	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at Great Point, Nantucket.

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1881.									
Jan.	1			2	26		3		
	2			1	1		3		
	3				6		2		
	4				23		4		
	5								
	6								
	7			1	1				
	8			2	15		3		
	9			1	20		3		
	10								
	11				5		4		
	12		2	1	22	1	7		
	13				2	1	4		
	14								
	15			1			1		
	16			1	10		3		
	17				4		3		
	18				5		4		
	19				4		4		
	20		5		18		5		
	21				4				
	22						1		
	23				15		4		
	24		1	1	36		4		
	25				13		6		
	26		1	2	12		4		
	27			1	6		2		
	28				1				
	29						1		
	30		1		11		3		
	31		1	1	13		1		
			0	11	15	273	2	79	280



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-*House*  
at *Great Point, Nantucket.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1881.									
<i>Feb.</i>	1			1	13				
	2						1		
	3						1		
	4						3		
	5				1		2		
	6						2		
	7				3		4		
	8				4		4		
	9				1		1		
	10				2		2		
	11			1	3		4		
	12				9		1		
	13			1	1		1		
	14		1	5	22		2		
	15		1	3	50		6		
	16			1	14		5		
	17				7		5		
	18								
	19			1	11		6		
	20		2	2	18		6		
	21								
	22				4		2		
	23				6		3		
	24								
	25								
	26			1	21		6		
	27				6	1			
	28								
	29								
	30								
	31								
		0	4	16	196	1	67	284	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-house  
at Great Point, Nantux Kot.

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1881.									
May	1			3	160		5		
	2				6		1		
	3				76	4	4		
	4		1	1	85	1	6		
	5				70		5		
	6				1				
	7				6	1	2		
	8				12		4		
	9				24		4		
	10				14	1	2		
	11			1	12		2		
	12				10		2		
	13				36		6		
	14			2	60		5		
	15								
	16								
	17				2				
	18								
	19								
	20								
	21				20		3		
	22				12		1		
	23		1		20		3		
	24		1		27		3		
	25	1		1	104		4		
	26				20		2		
	27		2	1	102		6		
	28				22		4		
	29				21		1		
	30				26		1		
	31				51		4		
		1	5	9	999	7	79	1100	



JOURNAL OF VESSELS which passed by or in the vicinity of the Light-House  
at *Great Point, San Juan Ket.*

DATE.		Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops.	Steamers.	Total number of vessels.	REMARKS.
Year and month.	Day.								
1881.									
<i>June</i>	1				7		2		
	2				38		2		
	3				4				
	4				4				
	5				61		2		
	6		1		106		6		
	7		1	1	60	2	24		
	8			3	56	5	47		
	9			3	28	2	3		
	10				3		..		
	11				20		2		
	12				1				
	13				1		1		
	14			1	70		4		
	15			4	162		6		
	16			1	102		4		
	17			1	40		6		
	18				50		4		
	19			1	20		2		
	20				65		10		
	21			3	18		4		
	22			1	50		7		
	23				44		8		
	24				82		6		
	25				46		4		
	26			1	20		4		
	27						2		
	28								
	29		1	1	93		5		
	30			1	59	1	5		
	31								
		0	3	22	1310	10	107	1452	



## A School Day.

"Now, John; the district teacher says,  
With frown that scarce can hide  
The dimpling smiles around her mouth,  
Where Cupid's rosetts abide.

"What have you done to Mary Ann,  
That she is crying so?  
Don't say 'twas nothing' - don't I say,  
For, John, that can't be so;

"For Mary Ann would never cry  
At nothing I am sure;  
And if you've wounded justice John,  
You know the only cure  
Is punishment! So come, stand up;  
Transgression must abide  
The pain attendant on the scheme  
That makes it justified."

So John steps forth, with sunburnt face,  
And hair all in a tumble,  
His laughing eyes a contrast to  
His drooping mouth so humble.

"Now Mary, you must tell me all -  
I see that John will not,  
And if he's been unkind or rude,  
I'll whip him on the spot."

"W-we were p-playin' p-prisoner's b-base,  
An' h-h-he is s-such a f-f-fool,  
An' w-when I w-wasnt l-lookin', ma'am,  
H-He k-k-kissed me - if you please!  
Upon the teacher's face the smiles  
Have triumphed o'er the frown,  
& pleasant thought runs through her mind,  
The stick comes harmless down."



A School day (continued)

But outraged lawe must be avenged!

Begone, ye snails; begone!  
Away, ye little dreams of love,  
Come, ye frowns, come on.

"I think I'll have to whip you, John;  
Such conduct breaks the rule;  
To, boy, except a naughty one,  
Would kiss a girl at school."

Again the teacher's rod is raised  
At once she stands —

A premium were put on sin,  
If punished by such hands.  
As when the bee explores the rose  
We see the petals tremble,  
So trembled Mary's rosebud lips —  
Her heart would not dissemble.

"I wouldn't whip him very hard —

The stick stops in its fall  
"It wasn't right to do it, but —  
It didn't hurt at all!"

"What made you cry then Mary Ann?" —

The school noise made a pause,  
And out upon the listening air,  
From Mary comes — "Because!"

From the jokers' fugit.

~~The~~ It has been said that the shape of a kiss is  
elliptical. This must be derived from the fact of the  
sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury.  
For it is certainly a life tickle.

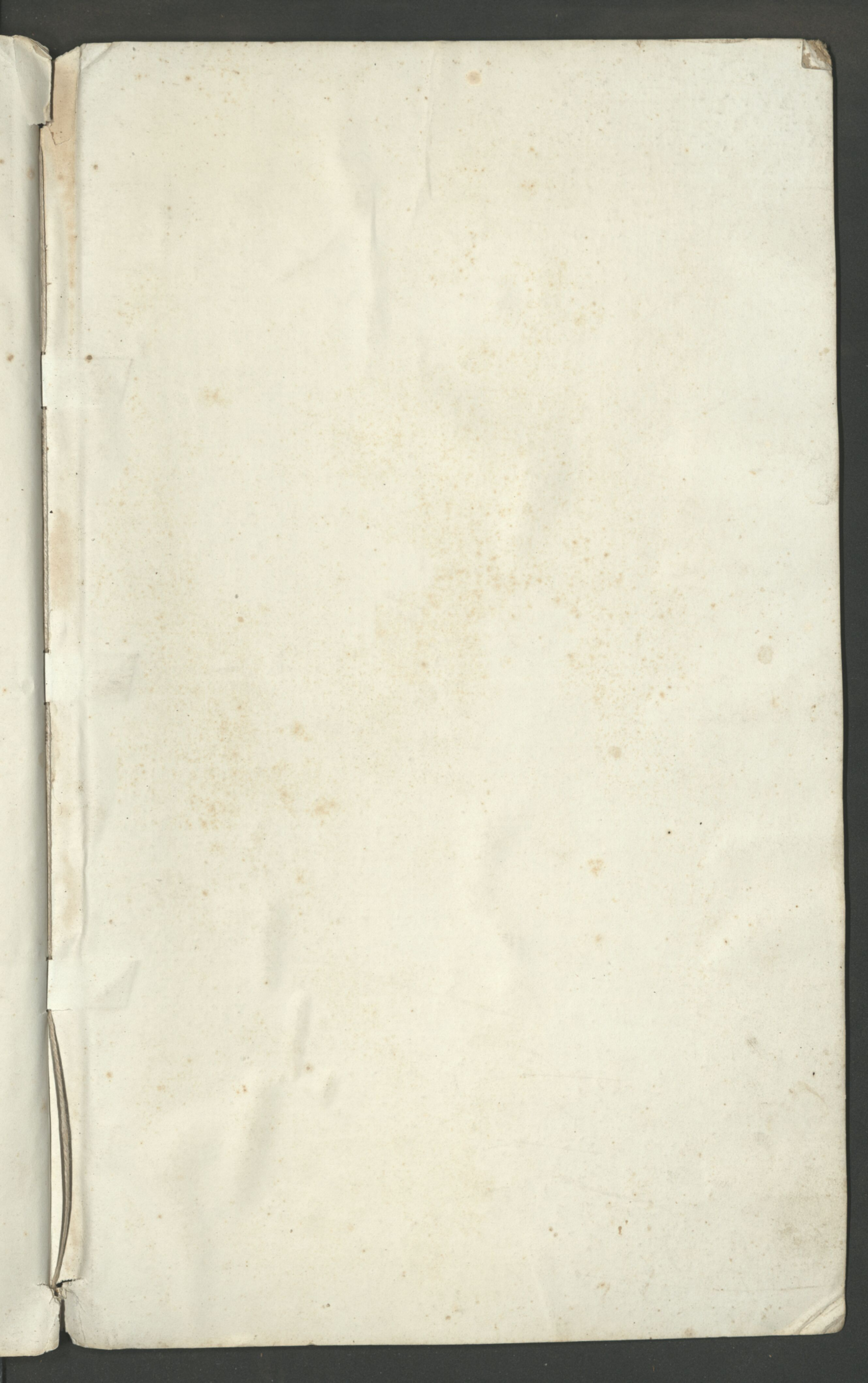


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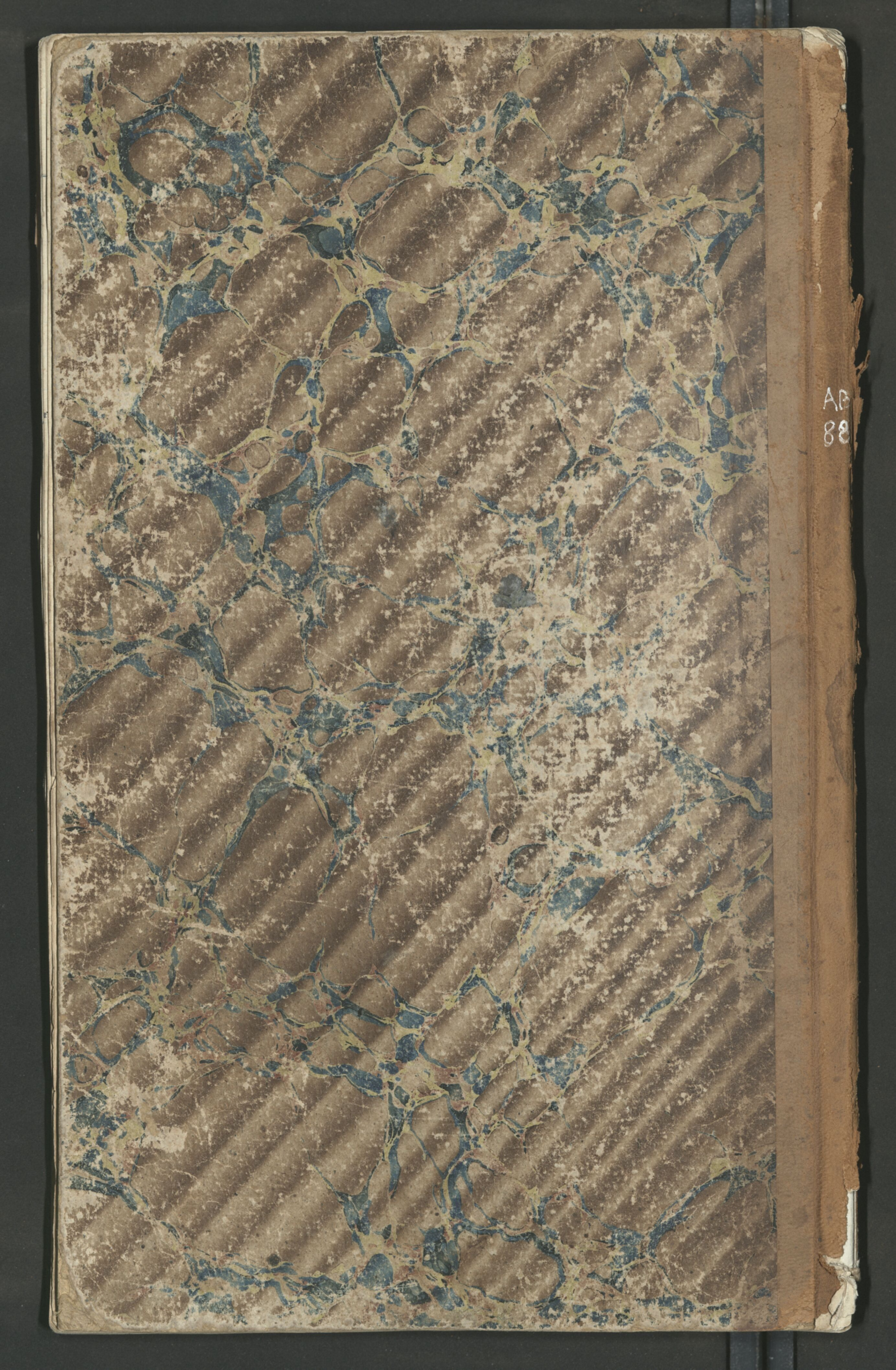












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